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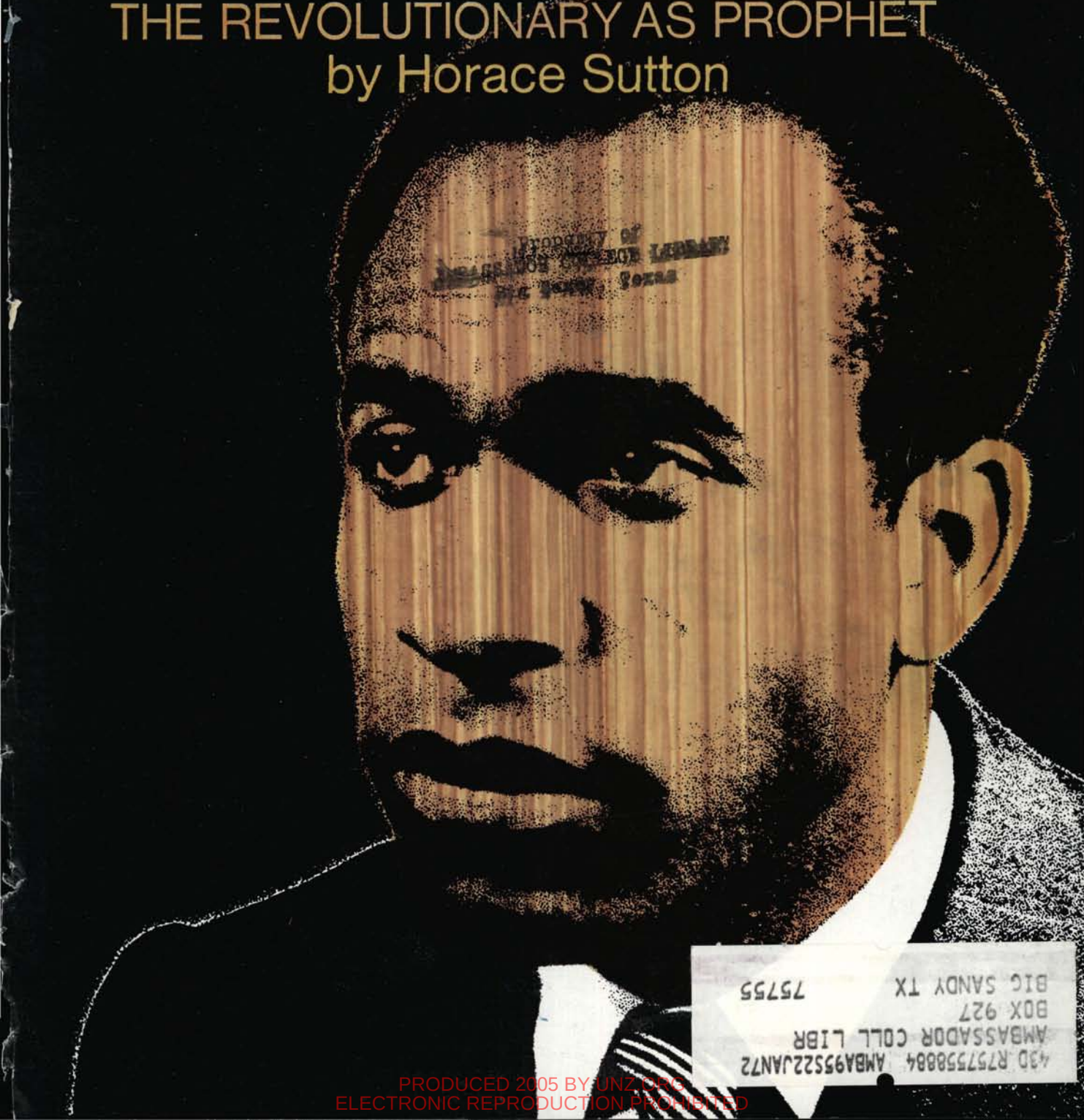
Saturday Review

July 17, 1971 50¢

FANON

THE REVOLUTIONARY AS PROPHET

by Horace Sutton



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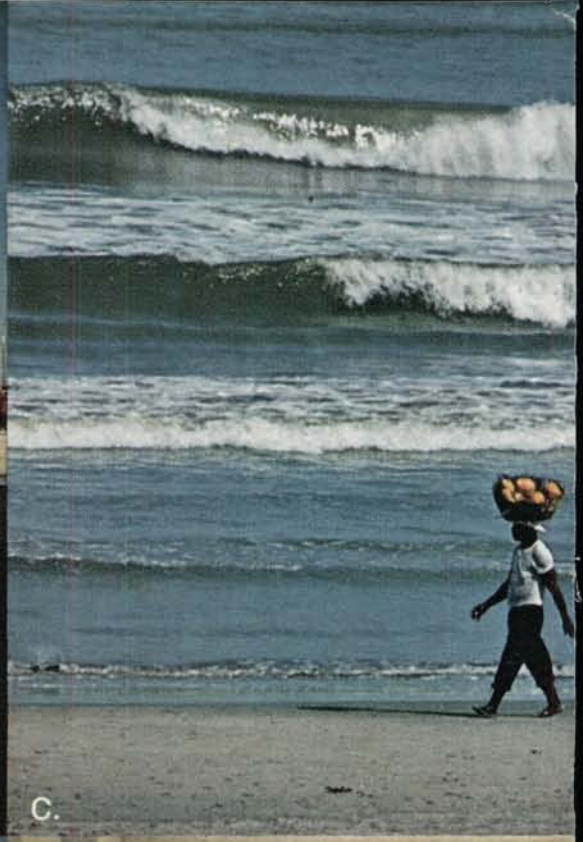

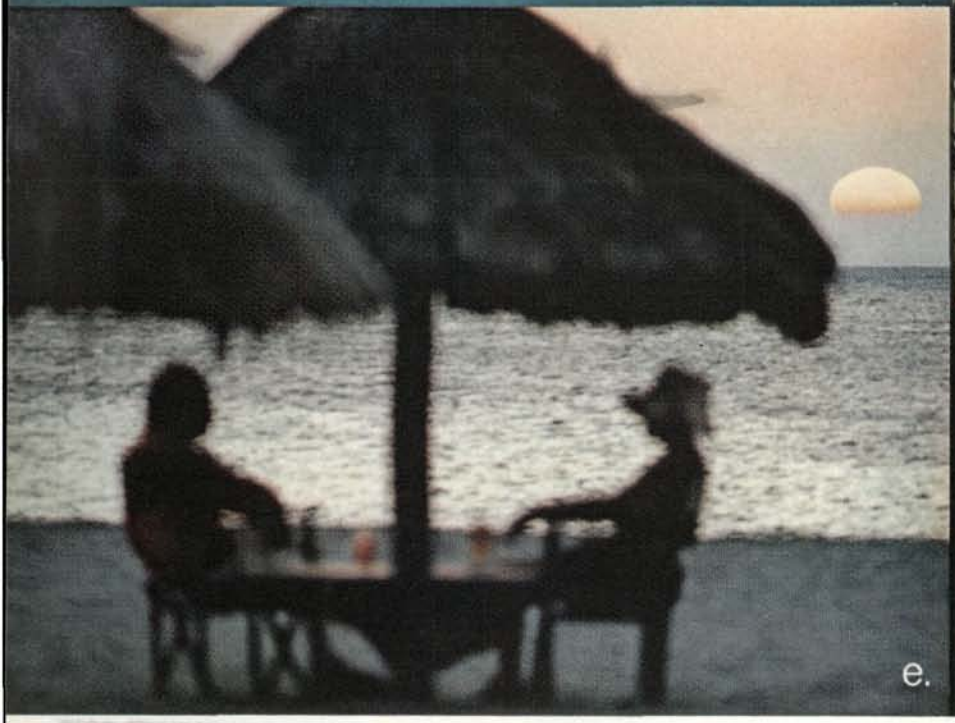

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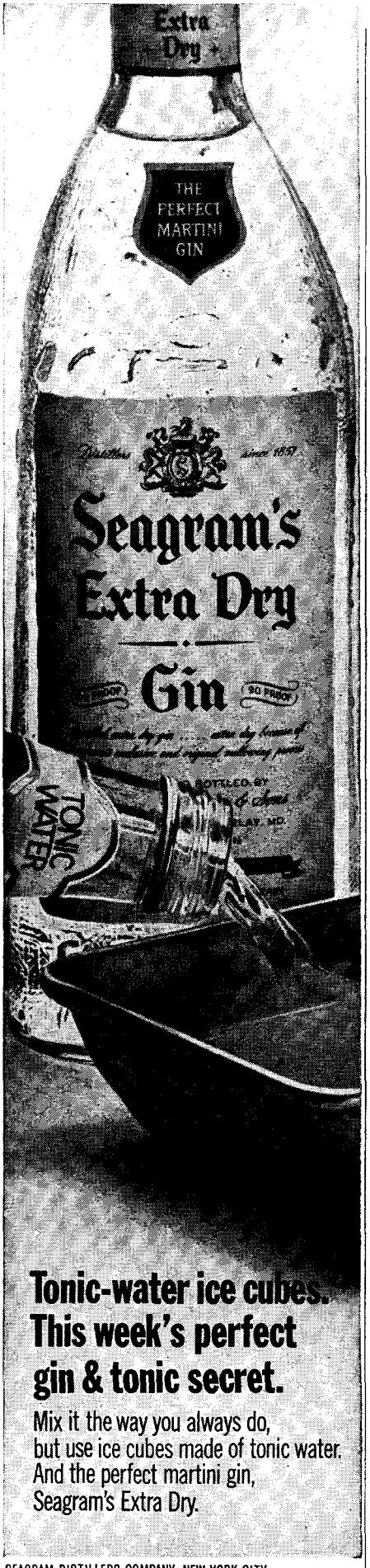
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July 17, 1971

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The One-Horse (Parlor) Town

IN NEW YORK CITY, where we have Off-Broadway plays, off-duty cabs, off-color movies, off-limit weekend traffic through Central Park, and off-the-cuff arguments between the Governor and the Mayor about money, it was only natural that the city should finally come to off-track betting, and, in an off-the-top-of-the-head opinion, I think it's high time.

For the uninitiated, off-track betting consists of scattering forty or fifty betting parlors throughout the city, where horse players can place their wagers without going out to the race tracks. The city is the bookie and takes 17 per cent of the action. Money sorely needed.

According to some top secret, classified information, which I got from reading the front page of *The New York Times*, I can now disclose that the city of New York is flat broke, deep in debt, on the verge of bankruptcy, and in next to last place in the American League.

I am disclosing this highly volatile material about the financial plight of our city because the people have the right to know. Even if it does impair the security of City Hall and embarrass some of its inhabitants. Especially tall, handsome, debonair Mayor John Lindsay, who, with his pockets turned inside out to dramatize their emptiness, bummed a ride to Albany, and, hat in hand, cried out: "Brother, can you share a revenue?

"Don't you realize what the high cost is for police and firemen and sanitation men and housing?" he sobbed to the state legislature. "Alms, alms," he cried. "And money, too!"

New York City is strapped, the cupboard bare, the till depleted. And you can substitute the name of almost any city in the United States. For that matter, you can substitute the name of almost any country on the map. The whole world has been on an American Express Card binge. Take England. It was recently reported in the papers that the amount of Her Majesty's allowance hasn't risen one penny since 1952, the year Elizabeth II acceded to the throne. The annual allowance was then, and still is in these inflationary times, $1,140,000. So, crown in hand, she turned to her Parliament for a handout.

"Don't you realize," begged the Queen, "the high price of ladies-in-waiting? Do you know what the cost is for the fur on the hats of the Palace Guard? Or even the price of Breton hats?"

But back to our Mayor. Even without ladies-in-waiting and fur and Bretons, the secret documents show he is short $500-million in table money, just to meet the everyday expense of running the city.

Unless you think in aughts, these figures are meaningless. So let's reduce them to something we can more readily comprehend. To a *reductio ad absurdum*, if you will. To a New Yorker who is head of an overpopulated household: a wife, six kids, and one air conditioner. What does this man do when prices keep rising, and new and higher taxes are imposed, and he is pushed from pillar to post-dated checks? A secret survey in these confidential documents shows that nine out of ten of this collective man go out to the race track, hoping to supplement their income.

Thus, it occurred to the floundering City Fathers to try to win New York out of debt at the race tracks. When you're in hock, anything seems plausible. The original plan, as revealed in these documents, was to send the Mayor to the track every day with a million dollars to pick and bet on the horses in each race. This was voted down when some of the aldermen snidely questioned the Mayor's judgment.

"Just look at his track record," one of the mean guys said.

They finally made a motion to legalize off-track betting. As one councilman put it, "Being a bookie, the city can't lose."

"But by playing the races, a concerned citizen could lose and not be able to pay the new high city taxes or have enough table money," objected a concerned citizen.

"Well, if he loses, he loses to the city, and if he loses enough, the city will make enough money to cut his taxes so the concerned citizen will be able to pay taxes and have enough left over for table money."

"How's that again?"

"The motion is passed," said the chairman. Gavel!

If there are those among you who consider it immoral to play the races, let me tell you about two stickers I recently saw on the bumper of a car. It was obviously driven by a church-going woman. One sticker read: ABOLISH ABORTIONS. The other: LEGALIZE BINGO.

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THE TRAVELERS

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Editorials of the Week—from the Reverend Charles King of Racine, Wisconsin, in the *Shoreline Reader*:

> We agree with those editors of dailies that they must dispense with all the news.

O tempora, o media. Our second editorial came all the way from Mrs. B. H. Mead of Juneau, Alaska, who found it in the southeast Alaska *Empire*:

> We would encourage both proponents and opponents of the open classroom concept to attend tonight's meeting and voice their onions.

We await results — with baited breath. There was also another item from Alaska—found by Patricia Jensen of Goleta, California, in the Santa Barbara *News-Press*. Here it is—in its entirety.

> SNOW FLEAS MYSTERY
>
> NOME, Alaska—Although snow fleas have existed for millions of years.

Now that's the kind of item we need more of these days—where the reader gets involved. In any case, even our news from Washington, D.C., this week came some distance. Mrs. H. L. Parker located it in the Rochester, Minnesota, *Post-Bulletin*:

> WASHINGTON—In its rush to trim back management ranks, the U.S. Postal Service has okayed special service awards for employees who die before being mandatorily retired. The service says that, whenever possible, requests for the award should be sent in three weeks prior to death or retirement.

Talk about post haste. Elsewhere, our Advertisement of the Week was a sports note—located by Celia Elliott of Centerville, Ohio, in the Dayton *Daily News*:

> Tomorrow—10:00 A.M.
> NORTHMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
> Christian Athlete
> SAM WYCHE
> Quarterback for Cincinnati Bengals
> Will Speak About His Roll as a
> Christian in Professional Football

And no jokes, please, about Holy Rollers.

Gordon Parks, black novelist, journalist, poet, musician, photographer, and motion picture director, was born in Fort Scott, Kansas, the fifteenth child of a dirt farmer. He now has an apartment in Beekman Place, a house in White Plains, and a house on the West Coast. One of his books, *Whispers of Intimate Things* (Viking), came out in January; another, *Born Black* (Lippincott), came out last month; and he has a film, *Shaft,* just released.

How, we asked, without education and without help, did he do it? Parks credits his mother, who died when he was fifteen. "My mother," he told us, "would never allow me to say, 'A white boy beat me out, or up.' She used to say, 'If a white boy can do it, you can do it. But remember, your brain is stronger than your fist—a lot stronger.' Before she died, she put her arms around me. 'Gordon,' she said, 'you're going to do all right in life.'

"The reason I didn't think I was poor," he continued, "was that I had love. There are some of my brothers and my sisters with whom to this day I've never had a single argument. And the one brother who was always jumping on me, or me on him—well, nobody else better jump in, or he'd have to take on both of us.

"But it took a mother to hold the family together. After she died, it broke up. I was sent to Minneapolis to live with an older sister. One day, or rather one night, her husband kicked me out. It was midnight, as a matter of fact, and the temperature was thirty degrees below."

Mr. Parks's clearest memories are those of riding streetcars all night and then, in the daytime, going to high school. "I was hungry a lot," he told us, "but none of the kids knew I was. Sarah Parks never allowed one of her children to beg. Anyway, school for me was warmth—and at least a sort of family. I was pretty melancholy—my favorite author was Edgar Allan Poe—but I never gave up. I remember at the end of that first winter—it was March—standing on a corner in St. Paul when it must have been forty below. But spring was coming and I said, 'God, if you didn't get me this winter, you never will.'

"People ask me about the black kids who rob and loot in Harlem and Watts. But remember, in my early days, I had a distinct advantage over urban kids. If I got hungry, I could go out and pick an apple or a berry or even a raw turnip. Raw turnips are good, you know. All a kid in Harlem or Watts can do is go first to a garbage can and then to a knife."

Mr. Parks once went to a knife. "It was the closest I ever came to violence," he said, "on one of those all-night streetcar rides. It was early morning. I was down to nothing. I hadn't really eaten in two days. The conductor shook me awake, and I saw a wad of bills in his hand. There was no one else on the car. I had a knife. I popped it open. Then I looked up at him. Suddenly I couldn't—there was something in his face. 'Mister,' I said, 'would you give me a dollar for this knife? I'm awful hungry.' He said, 'I'll give you two dollars. But stay out of trouble.' "

Many years later as a reporter, Mr. Parks witnessed the execution of a black man in a gas chamber. "He was a fellow," he said, "who at that crossroads made the other decision." Mr. Parks himself never got to finish high school. "I was so desperate and frightened," he says, "that I tried many things. If I had been an average, middle-class black who maybe does get a chance to go to college, maybe I wouldn't have made it. Remember, I couldn't do anything just to do it—I had to make it pay. I couldn't even take up basketball for fun. I played semi-pro basketball—and semi-pro football, too. When I wrote music, I had to write performed music."

Mr. Parks's first public fame came with his 1949 Harlem gang story in *Life.* Later came the story of Flavio, the boy in the Rio de Janeiro barrio, the Fontenelles in Harlem, and many others. In between, in '49, '50, and '51, he lived in Paris. "I could have lived there relatively free of prejudice all my life," he said, "but I couldn't. I had to be in the fight. I know them all—from the Martin Luther Kings to the Cleavers and the Panthers. I am the godfather of one of Malcolm X's children, but I have never sold out to anybody—white or black."

What, we asked him, is his answer to today's black separatism? "Well," he said quietly, "we, the black people, have been asked to be patient for four hundred years. This is a period when you, the white people, may also have to be patient—for ten or fifteen or maybe even twenty years."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1944)

BUDD SCHULBERG:
SANCTUARY V

I am one of those tormented Gutenberg souls who live words as fishermen live fish, soccer players live goals and archaeologists live ruins. I will read philosophy, novels, newspapers, telephone books. And in my deprivation I write in order to have something to read.

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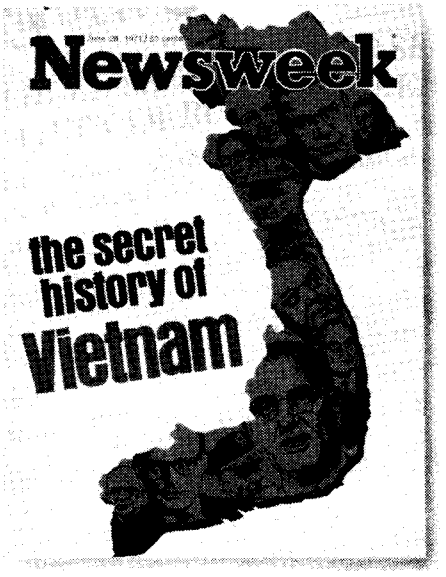

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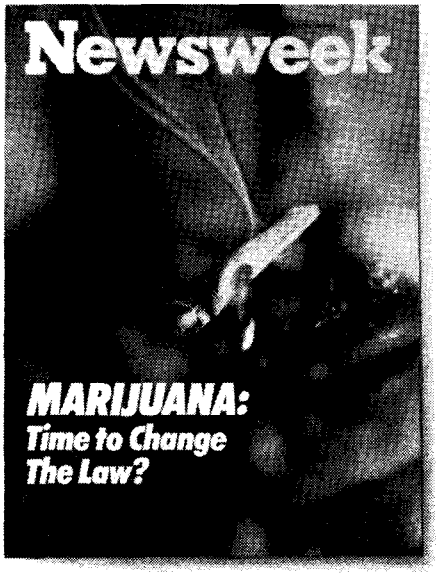

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"A lesson in the cost of living."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

New and Improved Models

COMPARISONS may be odious, but they are sometimes inescapable. Watching *Two-Lane Blacktop,* Monte Hellman's new film about young America on the move, one finds it difficult not to draw parallels with *Easy Rider.* It's also difficult not to note the similarities between *Midnight Cowboy* and *Klute,* a thriller that explores the same underworld of commercial sex in New York City. Of course, follow the leader is one of the oldest games in Hollywood—and usually one of the least imposing. This time, however, the new models not only bear comparison with the originals but in some respects improve upon them.

Like the Dennis Hopper-Peter Fonda classic, *Two-Lane Blacktop* follows a pair of youthful dropouts as they drift eastward across the United States from California to Dixie, traveling in a seemingly rattletrap 1955 Chevy. Actually, the car hides an ultrasophisticated engine behind its jalopy facade, and with it the two compete in small-stake street races. Both the driver and his mechanic are intent, taciturn types, able to communicate only about cars and racing. Before long they are joined by an equally taciturn girl. "I only talk when I'm uptight," she says. "I'm not into words." For any of them, sequential speech might lead to unwanted confrontations with feelings and fears. Better to keep moving and to keep silent.

Fortunately, just as Jack Nicholson came along midway through *Easy Rider* to rescue the picture from a mire of mumbles and shrugs, so does Warren Oates come along here to give *Two-Lane Blacktop* structure and charm. He plays the driver of a Pontiac GTO, a man somewhat older than the others and as verbal as they are inarticulate. He too is a drifter and a lost soul, but covers up with a torrent of braggadocio.

In the wilderness of Texas, the sleek GTO and shabby Chevy set out on a race to Washington, D.C., over the back roads of rural America. It turns out to be a queer kind of race in which the participants keep stopping along the way to share food, drink, mechanical expertise, and eventually the girl. In the end the race just peters out. Moving is what's important, not winning. But while it lasts we catch some wryly beautiful glimpses of *la vie américaine* —a silent Main Street in Oklahoma slowly coming to life in the early morning, a wan little girl and her grandmother en route to a forlorn Ozark cemetery, the soft greenery of the Tennessee hills enfolding a curvy road.

Warren Oates is an engaging braggart, rock stars James Taylor and Dennis Wilson make convincingly laconic car buffs, and Laurie Bird hits just the right note of innocent delinquency as the girl. Thanks to them and the understated direction, *Two-Lane Blacktop* manages to speak compellingly of contemporary alienation without ever tumbling into the usual clichés of sex, drugs, and violence.

Though *Klute* harks back to the milieu of *Midnight Cowboy,* the scene is hetero rather than homo. Again we have an inside view of sex-for-sale in the big city, and again we see it through the eyes of a hick from the boondocks. This time the prostitute is a comely call girl (Jane Fonda) and the outsider is a small-town private detective (Donald Sutherland). The detective's name is Klute, and he has been engaged to track down a fellow townsman whose mysterious disappearance remains unsolved. While Klute doggedly pursues his investigation, he learns a good deal about call girl Bree Daniels—the chief clue in the case—and about the tortuous, tortured world of high-class whoredom in New York City.

Bree Daniels is the very model of a modern call girl—intelligent, attractive, uninhibited, intent on giving good value for money received ($50 and up). A frustrated would-be actress, she can perform successfully only in the beds of paying customers. Bree is a complicated cookie, heavily armored with a hard crust of cynicism, hooked on both pot and psychotherapy, at once highly sensitive and coldly calculating. Jane Fonda plays her with stunning style and assurance, triumphantly confirming all the promise of *They Shoot Horses.* The lady is an actress.

Donald Sutherland seems uncomfortably cast as the strong, steady detective, and the mystery plot is strewn with more than the usual quota of hard-to-swallow incidents. But these weaknesses are more than offset by Miss Fonda's performance, director Alan J. Pakula's skillful pacing, and Gordon Willis's brilliant camerawork. Fun City—with its dingy hallways, cluttered apartments, swarmy streets, and fetid nightspots—never looked less romantic, but this is how it is.

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FANON

Who was this black West Indian, this mystical presence now emerging as patron saint of the New Left ten years after his death, purportedly "in the arms of the CIA"?

by HORACE SUTTON

The lights in the movie theater dim and the curtain rises. The screen comes to life and there is a scene of arid North Africa. Over this scrabbly background, a quotation appears:

The bourgeois phase in the history of the underdeveloped countries is a completely useless phase. When this caste has vanished . . . it will be seen . . . that everything must be started from scratch. . . .

It is taken from Frantz Fanon.

When Joe Frazier fights Muhammad Ali in the ring, a newspaper runs a series of articles on Ali. It begins with this prelude:

I feel in myself a soul as immense as the world, my chest to expand without limit. I am a master and I am advised to adopt the humility of the cripple.

The lines come not from Ali but from Fanon.

In Nigeria, a Frantz Fanon Research Center is opened at Enugu, dedicated to the "mental emancipation of the black man all over the world from neocolonial mentality."

A square in Algeria is named for Fanon.

The former Algerian ambassador to the United States gives a course on him at the University of Massachusetts.

The books Fanon wrote begin to edge toward an awesome three-quarters-of-a-million sale in American editions alone.

A movie treatment of his life has been written. The producers have spoken of seeking Sidney Poitier for the leading role.

Two books about him have appeared this year, and at least two others are pending.

Who is this man so widely quoted, so passionately read, whose name is so frequently invoked, yet who remains so widely unknown?

What is the strange, almost mystic pull exerted by this black man of Martinique dead ten years ago at the age of thirty-six who is being nominated for sainthood in the revolutionary halls of the Third World?

Fanon's career seemed to rise slowly even as a rocket appears to hover momentarily over the launch pad. But then, rocket-like, he roared into the universe leaving a fiery trail. That great forceful thrust died abruptly, but the stars, as from a spent skyrocket, may come floating down for years, for Fanon was and is an effective, articulate voice of the oppressed, of the black man who suffers the dominance of white "superiority," of the native locked in mortal contest with the settler, the colonizer, the oppressor. Fanon's voice is black and intellectual, but it is one with which all the brothers can identify, in Nigeria, in Harlem, in Jamaica, in Angola, and especially in Algeria, whose cause he passionately espoused and whose freedom he helped to win. From Algiers in the heart of Fanonland, Eldridge Cleaver invokes his canons. From his West African sanctuary in Guinea (where his address is c/o President Sékou Touré), Stokely Carmichael drinks deep at the wellspring of Fanon's basic tenets. Holed up in their headquarters in the Bronx, the Black Panthers say that Fanon is required reading for all brothers. He has given them insights, they say, far beyond Marx and Lenin. Marx dealt with economic structures, Lenin with the machinery to bring the economic and military together. But neither came to grips with racism, because, as Panther Minister Zayd Shakur puts it, "They were dealing with European phenomena and they were concerned with whites. Fanon took it to another level. He set down the dialectical contradictions that most oppressed black people are confronted with in a colonized situation."

Nearly all strata of American black society have found their prophet in Fanon. "Many of us were pushing the whole idea of black values and the traumas one suffers from the oppressor and how we try to imitate the oppressor," CORE's Roy Innis recalls now, "but Fanon came along and codified it and gave it authority." In Algiers, far from Harlem, Cleaver remembers the early days. "The feelings and thoughts and passions that were racking us were incoherent and not connected until we read Fanon. Then many things fell together for us harmonizing our attitudes and making it possible for us to organize into a political organization."

To read Fanon now is to find the source of many of the bold moves of the black Left, among them violence itself, the call for reparations for offenses to oppressed peoples, and the summons to effect the rebirth of a native culture and with it a singular identity.

While Fanon was addressing himself to colonized peoples—his experience had been chiefly in Martinique and Algeria—he was heard by all the Third World: by militant blacks in America who consider themselves part of a colonized society; by newly independent nations whose economic lifeline continues to be dominated by white Western capital; and by peoples of color still living in colonial-ruled societies.

To all these, Fanon preached the necessity of violence to bring about abrupt change whether it be "national liberation or national renaissance or the restoration of a nationhood to the people." He played artfully and even eloquently on the obvious truisms of

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social inequity. *Here* was the "settlers' town," with its brightly lit streets, asphalt sidewalks, garbage cans to "swallow the leavings"—and its white people. *There* was the town that belonged to the colonized people, "whether it be a native town, a Negro village, a medina, or a reservation." It is a crowded town, a hungry town, "starved of bread, of meat, of shoes, of coal, of light . . . a crouching village, a town on its knees, a town wallowing in the mire. . . ."

Colonialism, in Fanon's view, created a Manichaean world, a world of dualism in which there is no distinction between the physical and the ethical. It is a world divided into compartments, and apartheid is a form of compartmentalization. The native learns to stay within his assigned compartment, but to Fanon, the psychiatrist, the penned-in colonial rollicks in dreams of muscular prowess, of running and climbing absurd heights, of bursting with laughter, of spanning a river in a stride. Eventually, this aggressiveness in his subconscious takes a conscious physical form. "This is the period," Fanon wrote in 1961, "when the niggers beat each other up." Watts, Detroit, and Newark were years away.

For the black militant in America, it is a simple matter to substitute the word "establishment," which Fanon used in the Algerian context, for "settler," and the word "black" for "native." Thus, when Fanon writes, "The settler pits brute force against weight of numbers. . . . His preoccupation with security makes him remind the native out loud that there he alone is master," the American militant nods in knowing agreement and thinks about law and order in the United States.

Not only is the native delimited physically with the help of the army and the police, but, says Fanon, he is also painted as evil. The settler depicts the native society as one without values, the native as a person insensitive to ethics, "corrosive, destroying, and disfiguring," indeed "the absolute evil." While Western values are affirmed, the native is disdained in bestiary terms: "the stink of the native quarter," his "reptilian motions," "the breeding swarms."

"During the period of decolonization, the colonized masses," says Fanon, "must vomit up these values, insult them, mock them." But since colonialism is "violence in its natural state," it will yield only when confronted with greater violence. Fanon doubts that this violence will be born of the native elite and the native intelligentsia. "On the specific question of violence," he writes, "the elite are ambiguous. They are violent in their words and reformist in their attitudes." Equally, he suspects the native intellectual who "clothes his aggressiveness in a barely veiled desire to assimilate himself to the colonial world." Thus, it is left to the peasants, for they have nothing to lose and everything to gain, and it is they, among the exploited, who first discovered that only violence pays.

But even after the violence is over and the colonialist powers have run down their flags and withdrawn their forces, the score, by Fanon's count, is far from settled. In the undeveloped world, the capitalists, considering their record of deportations, massacres, forced labor, and slavery, behaved little better than war criminals. And as Germany was required to indemnify those nations it had plundered, then the newly emerging nations also deserve reparations. "The wealth of the imperialist countries," he says, "is our wealth, too." In the Fanon interpretation, Europe is literally the creation of the Third World, because it was the raw materials, the wealth, the slave labor, and the exploited labor of the Third World that enriched the Old World. "When we hear the head of a European state declare with hand on heart that we must come to the aid of poor undeveloped nations, we don't tremble with gratitude; we say, 'It's just a reparation which will be paid to us.'"

If the Third World is abandoned, then it must create an autarky of its own. But it was Fanon's earnest hope that the Cold War be ended and with it the plans for nuclearizing the world. Rather, large-scale investments and technical aid must be funneled to undeveloped countries. "The fundamental struggle of our time is not the struggle between socialistic regime and capitalism," he says. The fundamental struggle is to "rehabilitate mankind and make man victorious everywhere, once and for all."

Thus Fanon, the prophet of violence, is also the harbinger of hope. He would redress the grievances and employ violent means to do it, but in the end he is not a nihilist. His call for reconstruction, for a re-acculturation of a liberated people, for a new and liberated life, is clear and unmistakable. "If there is any single source that would rise to the status of being sacred writ for all of the New Left, it is Fanon," says Ross Baker, Rutgers's specialist in black and white attitudes of the New Left. "It is the one source that everyone agrees is a seminal revolutionary work. It's become quasi-biblical. It bridges all kinds of otherwise unbridgeable gaps. In many ways, it is tactfully vague. It doesn't prescribe any course of action any group can hold to."

In truth there is something mystical about it, and Fanon's early death has done nothing to detract from that peculiar magic that, similarly, enveloped the demise of other celebrated youth—Patrice Lumumba, Jimmy Dean, Rupert Brooke, to take a few disparate types across a half century of history. About his life, which began in Martinique and ended in Washington, allegedly with a CIA agent at his bedside, there is just enough Michael Caine mystery to add the proper curlicues of romance and intrigue. Even after he died, the dispatch of his body back to North Africa was surrounded with such international huggermugger that ambassadors were infuriated, chancelleries were outraged, and tremors shook diplomatic halls in Washington, Tunis, Algiers, and the Quai d'Orsay.

Fanon's life and times seem to have been spun out of all the marketable elements of international fascination: psychiatry, violence, sex, war, spies, France, and the Arab intrigues of the Casbah. And yet his emergence as a prophet, if not a saint, seems as much a circumstance of fate as that of Marx, the impoverished German Jew who lived in a garret in London and became the father of international communism.

Fort-de-France, on the French Caribbean isle of Martinique, where Fanon was born in 1925, gleams with the lumi-

Starting in 1953, Fanon spent eight years in North Africa in search of "total liberation of the national territory."

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nescence of a Mediterranean city. Unlike Pointe-à-Pitre in neighboring Guadeloupe or Port-au-Prince in nearby Haiti, there is little that is African about it. With its narrow sunny streets, its little bars and shops, and its own setting by the sea, it is rather like a displaced fragment of Menton or Nice.

Fanon's father, a minor customs official, was both a free thinker and a freemason, factors that, in Catholic Martinique, endowed Frantz with a rich sense of independence and a particular appetite for liberty. Of the three young boys who ran together in the years between twelve and fifteen, Jean Valere is now a juvenile judge at Basse-Terre in Guadeloupe, and Dr. Ernest Wan Ajouhu, a physician, is the newly elected mayor of François, a small banana plantation town half an hour's drive from Fort-de-France.

Fanon's middle-class parents produced four sons and four daughters. Frantz's family expected little more of him than gentlemanly comportment. He showed no political motivations when he went to secondary school, but he was a fighter and he readily joined with Wan Ajouhu and Valere as they aligned themselves with older gangs eager to brawl with rival young Martinicans. They fought those who were in a higher social order, never lower. Valere was interested in music and girls, but Fanon was fascinated by philosophical subjects. His friends nicknamed him "Bergson," after Henri Bergson, the Irish-Jewish philosopher who became a naturalized Frenchman and went on to win the 1927 Nobel Prize in literature.

When France fell in 1940, Fanon was barely fifteen years old; it was, as Fanon was later to view it in psychiatric terms, like "the death of the father." Until 1943, Martinique was occupied by Vichy forces, some 10,000 sailors and soldiers whose leaders were collaborating with the Germans, who held France. Blockaded on a Caribbean island, the Vichy forces took over the bars and the girls, brought their families from France, and installed them in requisitioned houses. While the local populace scrimped for food, the military seemed always to be well provisioned. Fanon was later to say that the Vichy occupiers had acted like "true racists," but Martinicans today are inclined to dismiss this allegation. The resentment arose not from racism but from the association of the new Vichy forces with the Germans.

In 1943, the blockade was lifted, and de Gaulle spoke in London of the treason of the soldiers who had surrendered their swords before they had drawn them. The West Indians were assured that *their* France had not lost the war, but that the Vichy traitors had sold it out. Even before the blockade was lifted, Fanon had slipped away in the dark of night to a neighboring British island and ultimately joined the Free French forces fighting in North Africa and in Europe. It was while in the French army that Fanon was to perceive the first real traits of disparity between white and colonial troops and the broad caste lines between the French settlers of North Africa and the Arab natives.

—*Studio Kahia*

Fanon at FLN conference, Tunis, 1957 —"Leave this Europe, where they are never done talking of Man, yet murder men everywhere they find them."

The liberation of Martinique, to which he returned briefly after the war, was to Fanon the birth of the proletariat. In the first election, two of the three delegates Martinique sent to Paris were Communists. One of these was the poet and teacher Aimé Césaire, in whose behalf Fanon had campaigned. It was Césaire (who is mayor of Fort-de-France and still a delegate to Paris, though no longer on the Communist ticket) who first proposed the revolutionary concept that it is fine and good to be a Negro, a version of negritude also advanced by Léopold Senghor, President of Senegal. "Two centuries of white truth proved this man wrong," Fanon was later to write. "He must be mad, for it was unthinkable that he could be right."

His political consciousness stirring now, but not fully awake, Fanon left for France, determined to become a dentist. Bored to distraction after three weeks, he left for Lyons and ultimately went into medicine. When Wan Ajouhu was to see him in France, Fanon was changed. "He spoke now of will and force. He emphasized that it was necessary for us, as colored people, to do more than others. I thought I was talking to Nietzsche."

While continuing his studies, Fanon wrote *Peau Noire, Masques Blancs*, which appeared in 1952. Of all his four books, it deals most aptly with problems translatable to the American scene; yet it was his second book to be published here, appearing in the Grove Press translation in 1967 under the title *Black Skin, White Masks*. The emotional outpourings, the gift for phrasemaking, the spellbinding use of words and imagery that was so pungently to mark *Wretched of the Earth* nine years later were already here. So was Fanon's outrage. His thesis pursued the concept that the Negro camouflages his blackness by adopting the mask of whiteness. Fanon wrote that for the Antillean, especially the Martinican, the process seemed relatively simple: The West Indian was black, but the Negro was in Africa. The Antillean was French. France had given him Rousseau and Voltaire and all the little island functionaries down to the policeman on the corner. The closer one got to France, the more easily one could adopt the white mask. One way to wish one's way into whiteness was to make love to a white woman. "By loving me she proves that I am worthy of white love," Fanon wrote in *Black Skin, White Masks*. "I am loved like a white man. I am a white man. I marry the culture, white beauty, white whiteness. When my restless hands caress those white breasts, they grasp white civilization and dignity and make them mine."

All this Fanon found hypocritical and wrong. In his wishful view he found the West Indian, after the elections of 1945, to be looking not to white Europe, but, having discovered himself to be a black man as well as a Negro, to have turned at last toward Africa as his true motherland. This transference of ancestral allegiance is not as visible among Martinicans today as it is among those black people of other West Indian islands. Yet it was surely true of Fanon, embittered by the inequities he had seen in the French army and enduring the social posture of a black man making it in a European university, albeit in one of the most difficult of all faculties. Completing his training as a psychiatrist in 1953, he sought a post in Senegal, but his appeal to President Senghor, who had known him in Paris, went unanswered. A post as *chef de service* in Blida, just outside Algiers, opened. Fanon applied and was accepted. Still, as Peter Geismar points out so explicitly in his book *Fanon*, he was indoctrinated with negritude, and he wished to get away from Western racism, but when he arrived in Algiers, he was as yet no revolutionary. This supposition is contested by Cherif Guellal, the for-

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mer Algerian ambassador to the United States, who still lives in Washington and gives courses on Fanon's writings at the University of Massachusetts. The French Communist party was dominant and militant. France's troubles were in Indochina, in Madagascar, where the uprising had resulted in huge massacres. Tunisia and Morocco were stirring, and the situation in West Africa was highly volatile. Guellal suggests that such a politically charged person as Fanon could not have done other than to head for Africa. It was, after all, the beginning of the African revolution.

For two years at Blida, Fanon lived a double life, a psychiatrist by day—even treating French police who suffered shock from the tortures they had inflicted—and working for the revolution at night. Arrest, interrogation, and torture of Fanon's staff of doctors and nurses began; ultimately, Fanon's work in behalf of the FLN, the Algerian National Liberation Front, became known to French police.

A letter of resignation to the Resident Minister and a bitter, poetic, emotional "Open Letter to a Frenchman," excoriating the French attitudes toward Arabs, did little to improve the security of Fanon's position. Early in 1957 he was formally expelled from Algeria. To linger longer was to ask for imprisonment, torture, or murder. Guellal, then a young FLN revolutionary, barely twenty, received Fanon in Tunis. "Politically the man was loaded," says Guellal now.

Steaming with zeal, with political concepts and revolutionary stratagems, he strained at the bonds of the strict disciplines imposed upon him by the FLN. In Tunis he began to write for *El Moudjahid*, published by the press services of the FLN. His articles, always unsigned, flailed at the colonial system and the war and torture it produced. The racism that he had discovered in *Black Skin, White Masks* in 1952 and that then he considered perhaps "accidental" had, by 1957, revealed itself to him as "part of the pattern of the exploitation of one group by another." He enraged not merely the French Right but also the French Left, who sought only to reproach those responsible for the frightful excesses of colonialism. To Fanon, this was hypocrisy. There was but one solution and that was "total liberation of the national territory." The Algerian revolution was only a phase in the liberation of Africa.

Sent on missions south of the Sahara, he met Lumumba, Mboya, and Félix Moumié of Cameroon. Of the three, Lumumba and Mboya were assassinated. In a bizarre incident, Moumié, a doctrinaire Leftist and a medical doctor, was allegedly poisoned by a Swiss journalist in the employ of the French Secret Service. Diagnosing his own illness as thalium poisoning slipped to him in a glass of Pernod, Moumié died in two weeks.

Fanon was no less a target. While he was driving on the Moroccan-Algerian border, his jeep was demolished. There are many theories: a car accident, a mine explosion, a bomb planted by Leftists within the revolution, or an assassination attempt by the Red Hand, a vigilante band organized by Rightist settlers in Algeria who had killed the FLN agent in Germany and who had tried twice to shoot a German arms dealer. When Fanon went to Rome to recuperate from the accident, he noticed that a Rome newspaper carried an announcement of his arrival, giving the number of his room at the hospital. Fanon had his room changed, and that night two masked assassins sprayed his originally assigned quarters with a fusillade of bullets.

Assigned in 1960 as ambassador from the provisional Algerian government to Ghana, Fanon toured sub-Saharan Africa. Politically he pushed for Pan-Africanism, but his mission also was to recruit volunteers for a new front against the French, a black army that would attack the French positions in Algeria from the south. Flying from Liberia to Guinea, he grew suspicious and decided to cross the border by jeep. Under his pseudonym of Dr. Omar, Fanon was still on the passenger list when, the next day, the French plane was diverted on its Monrovia-Conakry run, making an unscheduled stop at Abidjan, where the Ivory Coast regime of President Houphouët-Boigny, a former minister-councilor of the French government, was on intimate terms with Paris.

Fanon's dreams of Africa were grand. "What I should like: great lines, great navigation channels through the desert. Subdue the desert, deny it, assemble Africa, create the continent." It was to come to nothing, for somewhere on the mission in the south he developed symptoms of what later was diagnosed as leukemia. The FLN sent him to the Soviet Union for the Myleran treatment, but he was as unimpressed by the Russians' care as he was by their psychiatric methods, which he also examined while there. The Russians objectively suggested that he try the National Institutes of Health in Washington as the most advanced center for the treatment of his disease. The idea at first was unthinkable to Fanon, and, feeling revived, he met Sartre and de Beauvoir in Rome. He had been working on the manuscript for *The Wretched of the Earth*, and Sartre had agreed to write the preface. To de Beauvoir, he seemed furtive and nervous, "sitting down, getting up, changing his money, collecting his luggage, all with abrupt gestures, agitated facial movements, suspiciously flickering eyes." He talked to Sartre for almost an entire weekend, then left to take a rheumatism treatment at Abano, in northern Italy. When he came back ten days later, he was charming, intelligent, witty. "When I shook his feverish hand in farewell," de Beauvoir was to recall in *Force of Circumstances*, "I seemed to be touching the very passion that was consuming him. He communicated this fire to

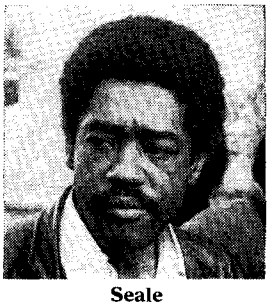
(*Continued on page* 59)

Contemporaries and Disciples

Lumumba

Touré

Mboya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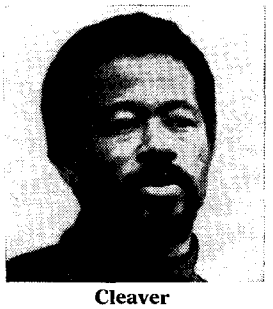
Cleaver

Newton

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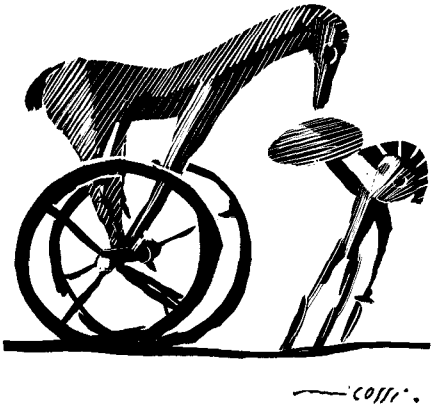
Speaking of Unnecessary Wars...

The most natural reaction of most Americans to the Pentagon papers is one of frustration over the absurdity of U.S. foreign policy in the past decade. But, if it will assuage the irritation even ever so lightly, the historical fact is that this generation of Americans has no monopoly on becoming involved in unpopular and unnecessary wars. Such involvements have been part of this country's history for a century and a half and for far longer in other, older nations.

Thomas Jefferson managed to avoid open conflict with Great Britain in the early 1800s only to have James Madison, his successor, plunge the young United States into war in 1812, at about the same time that the British, in total ignorance of Madison's war message to Congress, had actually taken steps to meet most of America's complaints and grievances. On the day before Christmas, 1814, the Treaty of Ghent ended this absurd "war," but Andrew Jackson went on to smash the British at New Orleans, not knowing that the dispute had been resolved two weeks earlier.

In 1845, nine years after Texas had won its independence from Mexico, the Texans clamored to join the United States, and soon the new state was an official partner in the growing American nation. Mexico, incensed, immediately dispatched troops to meet Gen. Zachary Taylor along the southern boundary of Texas, then contested by the two countries. Early in 1848, less than two years after a Yankee invasion of Mexico by Gen. Winfield Scott, the Mexicans were forced to acknowledge the annexation of Texas, plus all of New Mexico, Arizona, and California, in addition to accepting the disputed Texas boundaries. But the whole matter could have been resolved far more equitably for the Mexicans through negotiations rather than military action.

In the last two years of the nineteenth century, the American nation again decided to go to war for less than substantial reasons in a dispute that could, as in the previous two instances, have been better resolved by diplomacy. Although Cuban independence and autonomy were allegedly at the heart of the matter, the Spanish-American War was hastened along by Joseph Pulitzer of the New York *World* and William Randolph Hearst of the New York *Journal*, who did their best to outdo each other with stories of Spanish atrocities. When the battleship *Maine* blew up in Havana harbor in 1898, the United States was once again taking a wild ride down the road to war, though this time the trip lasted but four months. It has to be one of history's most unnecessary wars.



Then we come back to the Vietnam War, which formally began, for the United States, when in 1963 President Kennedy sent American troops to save Southeast Asia from communism. A decade earlier, France had lost Indochina, and the West somehow felt obligated to stem Red aggression on grounds that if someone didn't halt it, the domino theory would prevail throughout the Far East. For eight years now, we, chiefly, have been that someone, ever more deeply embroiled in a war we cannot possibly win, domino theory or no.

Naturally, Americans are not alone in the Western world when it comes to stupid wars. The British fought an absurdity called the Boer War at the turn of the century and an even sillier Crimean War from 1853 to 1856, with the help of anti-Russian allies. Having escaped relatively unscathed from these two encounters, the British in 1914 allowed themselves to be swept into boastful arm-wrestling with their German cousins, which ended in one of the most brutal, bloody, and futile wars ever fought anywhere. From that historic moment on, Britain began to go downhill as a world power, undeniably misled and overconfident because her last two military excursions had been so deceptively cheap and easy.

Long before there was a European-American civilization, the Greeks did their best, which was not inconsiderable, to prove the futility of war, fighting chiefly among themselves until their great city-states became easy prey for lesser folk. Indeed, the Greek playwright Aristophanes wrote a biting anti-war satire four hundred years before Christ. He called it *Lysistrata*, and it was written after twenty futile years of the Peloponnesian Wars. The decision of Lysistrata and the other women of Athens to deny themselves to their husbands until the fighting ceased has to be the most imaginative and original of anti-war techniques. It worked in the play; however, it's never been tried in reality.

The underlying point is, of course, that most wars have been unnecessary, and it may be that the atomic bomb has obviated not only needless wars but war itself. To say that mankind understands this stark truth is patently absurd; yet, when any man or nation thinks realistically, it must follow as the night the day that military action, with its modern-day risk of blowing everyone to nuclear bits, gets nowhere.

—R. L. T.

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Letters to the Editor

Fear vs. Trust

SENATOR Alan Cranston, in his guest editorial "The Great Trip-Wire Delusion" [*SR*, June 19], would have us believe that he is unhinging the psychology of the Cold War by recognizing its insanity, but he would merely redefine it with the same result, despite the poet's counsel that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He agrees that world order can be maintained through mutual fear of annihilation, but he argues over the means.

John Foster Dulles was also inextricably confined to thinking in terms of world order through alliances between ideological partners, sitting across imaginary lines with atomic weapons pointed at each other's heads.

Senator Cranston alludes to the situation in Southeast Asia as a horror that does not need repeating, which of course is true, but by conjuring images of the mutual heritage and history of Europe and America, one wonders if his opposition to American involvement in Asia is due to his thinking that we have little in common with those little, unimportant countries, rather than due to the war's basic immorality. What kind of freedom will anybody have if we are all defoliated, irradiated, and dismembered? And what kind of freedom does anybody have if all the world's leaders insist that we must live with the fear of annihilation in order to have peace?

PETER SCHELLIN,
Eugene, Ore.

PERHAPS as a patriotic American, Senator Cranston will experience difficulty in seeing the connection, but there is an obvious relationship between the United States' present policy in Southeast Asia and the NATO allies' determination to keep as many American troops as possible in Europe. Prince Sihanouk did not place much faith in American guarantees a few years ago, and it does not take much imagination to see his judgment vindicated by subsequent events in Cambodia. Also the South Vietnamese might be excused if they wonder at their suddenly acquired military capability. In fact Mr. Cranston might wonder at the trust the Europeans do grant the United States, General de Gaulle and the *force de frappe* notwithstanding.

ROBERT BURR,
Edmonton, Alberta,
Canada.

Post Population Explosion

IN "After the Population Explosion" [*SR*, June 26], Harrison Brown, telling about the problems of rich and poor countries, is "convinced that our problems both here and abroad are soluble [if] all of us reorient our attitudes away from those of our parents and more toward those of our children," who are questioning the Cold War, the hot war, and our concepts of nationalism, materialism, and laissez faire. "It is just such questioning that gives me hope," he says.

But will the young find the right answers to questions for which universities have none? Which are as old as man? Which made past civilizations turn from progress to decline and disintegration? The answers are perhaps to be found by studying and understanding the development of rich and poor countries; they developed on the same principles of individualism, but without consideration or comprehension of the effects on the future of society.

Individualism [within] society is a contradiction man has not yet learned to cope with, as shown by the present two extreme ideologies. . . . Individual self-interest has been the basic factor in the development of countries, rich and poor. This factor, because of great differences in . . . individuals, has led to inequalities and injustices, out of which has come Marxism, wherein one extreme ideology opposes the other of individualism, each believing it is the only right one, but neither of which comprehends and copes with the contradiction of individualism versus society. This is what will have to be comprehended and considered when searching for answers, not just condemning the other side or going over to it.

FREDERICK SCHUMANN,
Long Island City, N.Y.

HARRISON BROWN'S recent article implies that the author sees beyond the population explosion. But he says, "We are confronted by the brutal fact that humanity today doesn't really know how to cope with the problems. . . ." He decries the general indifference but gives comfort to the indifferent ones in his last two paragraphs where he states that, although he is pessimistic, he believes the population problems are soluble, and he leaves them to the young people who, he is convinced, "more often than not have a clearer picture of the world and its problems than do their elders."

A more scientific conclusion from the data, which Mr. Brown presents so well, would be that we don't know whether these problems are soluble simply because we don't know the solution. And, as to leaving them to the young people, they like the rest of humanity will have to experience generations of very tough going before the population problems become more than academic ones for students and professors to "rap" leisurely and learnedly about.

WALTER J. SCOTT,
Owings Mills, Md.

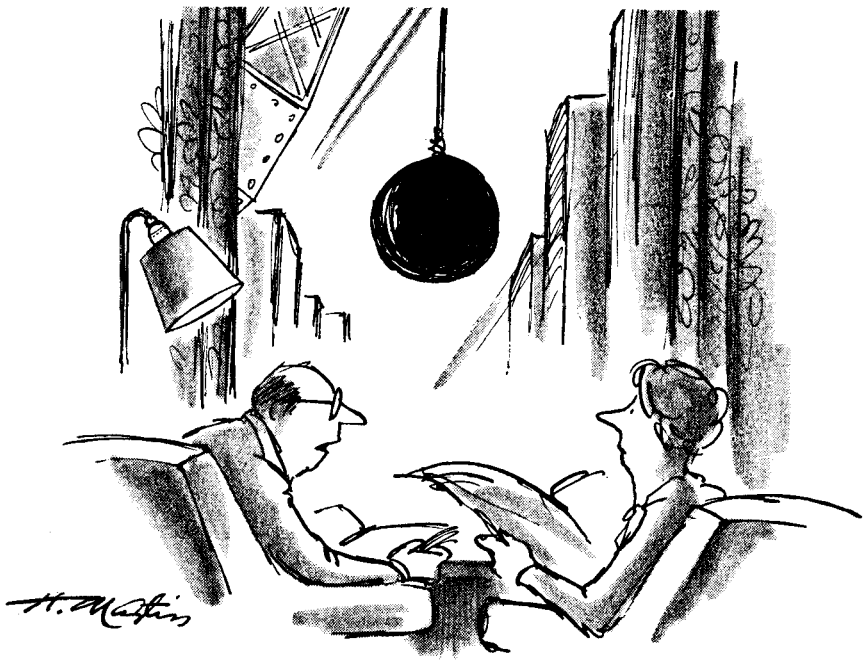
Laurels to Ciardi

JOHN CIARDI'S "An Open Letter to the Honorable Richard Ichord" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, May 15] shall go down in history not only as one of the masterpieces of American independence, but, in these troubled times, as a singular clarification of the root of all evil, which is the suppression of the human spirit by any rote whatsoever, be it of law, order, life, death, school, marriage, war, church, abortion, or the courts.

Death returns. It is the life of the human spirit in its embodiment seeking its freedom on this Earth. It is all that lives. America, in its creation, is dedicated to individual freedom, and to the aid of every man, woman, and child who seeks it, whether in death (abortion) or in whatever pain or joy its gestation may involve.

Mr. Ciardi, with unerring insight, has again found the courage of the true poet, which he is, to bring another truth all the way home to us. This letter is to thank him, and to thank *SR* for him.

M. B. THORNTON,
Reno, Nev.



"I'm sure it constitutes no clear and present danger, but it comes off as one helluva psychological threat."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Sydney's Operatic Showcase And the Show for the Case

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES. AFTER A FEW trips in and out of the populous portions of Australia arranged along its eastern coast, some sense of anatomic relationship to the body of which they are a part begins to emerge. Canberra is the head of government, and Melbourne a nerve center of numerous influences, but it is Sydney that is at the heart of the whole, pumping blood into all its components. The financiers could explain it one way, the town planners in another. For the artistic community, the diagnosis of Sir Bernard Heinze, Australia's senior citizen of music, is both succinct and suggestive: "Melbourne was traditionally the port of entry for steamship travel coming east from England. Sydney received both the cargoes and the influence that came directly from the West Coast of America."

Translated into contemporary terms, the clear implication is that no other Australian community than the one most directly related to the great Northern source could have executed the massive scheme of construction that will decorate the entry into its harbor. It owes its realization not only to the city of Sydney but also to the state of New South Wales, of which the great port is the population as well as the financial and political center.

For all that it is still incomplete, the magnificent effort on the Bennelong Point site has already had a transfiguring effect on the artistic corpus of the country. In place of the inadequate town halls that have long served as concert centers, there are, in prospect: a new theater in Adelaide, as home for its biennial Festival; a new concert hall in Melbourne, as part of its Arts Center; and an improved surrounding in Brisbane attached to its Conservatorium. As Canberra already has a smallish but well-designed multipurpose hall, the outlook for quality results nationwide is brighter than it has been for some time. One or another might have come into being independent of the activity in Sydney; that all have been formulated in the last decade leaves little doubt where the impulse originated.

It does, however, leave some doubt for the outsider as to just what purpose the construction will serve when the ceremonies and the galas scheduled for the opening weeks of March 1973 have subsided, the foreign visitors have left, and the $100-million plant takes root. The concert hall, it is familiarly known, will provide a vastly improved surrounding for the well-staffed Sydney Symphony. It is less familiarly known that there is, in being, an Australian Opera Company, charged with a similar mission vis-à-vis the Opera Theater as the focal point of its touring services continentwide. When it is away, the Opera Theater will house the Sydney season of the already established Australian Ballet.

Both might now have greater identity for the average visitor had not Her Majesty's Theatre in central Sydney been destroyed by fire last year. In consequence, both the Opera and the Ballet have been forced into occupancy of an old theater in a less central area. Renovated, reconditioned, and renamed the Elizabethan, on behalf of the Elizabethan Trust that operates both the ballet and the opera companies, it is an almost grotesquely insignificant cocoon to produce a body suitable for the magnificent construction to come.

Here, of recent weeks, could be observed and evaluated performances by the Australian Opera of Verdi's *Nabucco* and *Un ballo in maschera*, as well as Puccini's *Turandot*. (*Le nozze di Figaro* and *The Rape of Lucretia* are currently in the revolving repertory, but unavailable at the time I was in Sydney.) They were all responsive to the planners and the performers who will have responsibility for entertaining Sydney's operatic public after the initial curiosity about the house itself has subsided. None of these is exactly a repertory work, and it is a bold planner who would venture a dozen *Nabuccos*, *Ballos*, and *Turandots* over a two-month stretch.

In the Australian Opera, the synonym for bold planner is Stephen C. Hall, a native-born administrator whose background includes training as a singer, a digression to operetta when his endowment didn't warrant opera, and experience in London's West End as prelude to a term of service as stage director in Covent Garden during Solti's tenure. For the difficult role of Abigaille in *Nabucco*, he had secured the services of the Welsh-born Covent Garden soprano Elizabeth Vaughan. She is the highly useful kind of singer who does not offer vocal ravishment, but who is secure and confident at even the highest points of her register. Among the rising Australians in the cast were Donald Shanks, an excellent bass, as Zaccaria, and Reginald Byers, a fresh-voiced tenor, as Ismaele. A good choral effort left a better taste than the tentative orchestral effort under the direction of William Reid. Scheduled to conduct this work as well as a new venture with *Ballo* was the well-versed Carlo Felice Cillario. However, his nonarrival for rehearsals caused him to be written off before he arrived. In the circumstances, the *Ballo* was especially creditable to Elizabeth Fretwell, another Covent Garden soprano, as Amelia, to Donald Smith as Gustavus (Il Re), and to the excellent Lauris Elms as Ulrica. The Oscar was insecure in looks and sound, the orchestral playing again spotty. The best effort, on the whole, was in *Turandot*, not because it is any easier to play or sing, but because it has been in the active repertory longer than either of the others, and the least experienced performer on both sides of the footlights had more indoctrination in what he was about.

If this gives the impression of a company presently unqualified to be the resident company of a multimillion-dollar theater, the truth is—it isn't. Director Hall knows this, as anyone with his background in world opera would. It has made an ambitious beginning on a difficult path, but it isn't even as far along toward its destination as the New York City Opera before a somewhat similar transition from the old City Center to the glittering State Theater in Lincoln Center. Unquestionably, the Australian Opera provides a greater opportunity for emerging singers of this continent than they have ever known before. But if they are going to survive the scrutiny of an international audience in March 1973, and carry on in a manner befitting the surroundings, a crash program will have to be instituted at once to expand personnel, enlarge the orchestra, and give the incoming musical director, Edward Downes of Covent Garden, the means to achieve his objective. Rome wasn't built in a day; neither was the Sydney Opera. If the show is to match the showcase in which it will be displayed, and Sydney is to continue to circulate blood to the continental body, a good deal of financial adrenaline will be required, and soon.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

This Child Is Rated "X"

TELEVISION programs of unusual distinction often escape immediate critical attention because they are not presented during prime time evening hours. *Sit Down, Shut Up or Get Out,* a one-hour drama by Allan Sloane, suffered that fate when the NBC Television network presented it on a Sunday afternoon in May. Fortunately, the network promises to repeat the program, and viewers who are interested in the problems of American public schools—particularly the chronic guerrila warfare between the highly individuated, bright (so-called "gifted") student and the lock-step, assembly-line features of much elementary and secondary school education—are advised to keep a schedule-eye open for the repeat performance. They will witness the sensitive, perceptive, often deeply moving drama of Christopher Bright, a thirteen-year-old junior high school boy whose abrasive relationship with his teachers and fellow students produces a conflict that bends but does not break his fiercely independent but socially troublesome spirit.

The author has a strong, autobiographical concern for the education of the intellectually advanced non-conformist, which reflects his own family's experiences. He has written powerfully on the subject in other television dramas; and, once again, his new work has great credibility and tenderness, moments of rare insight and inspiration, and a commendable objectivity that strives to understand and to represent fairly the system and the people it sets out to criticize.

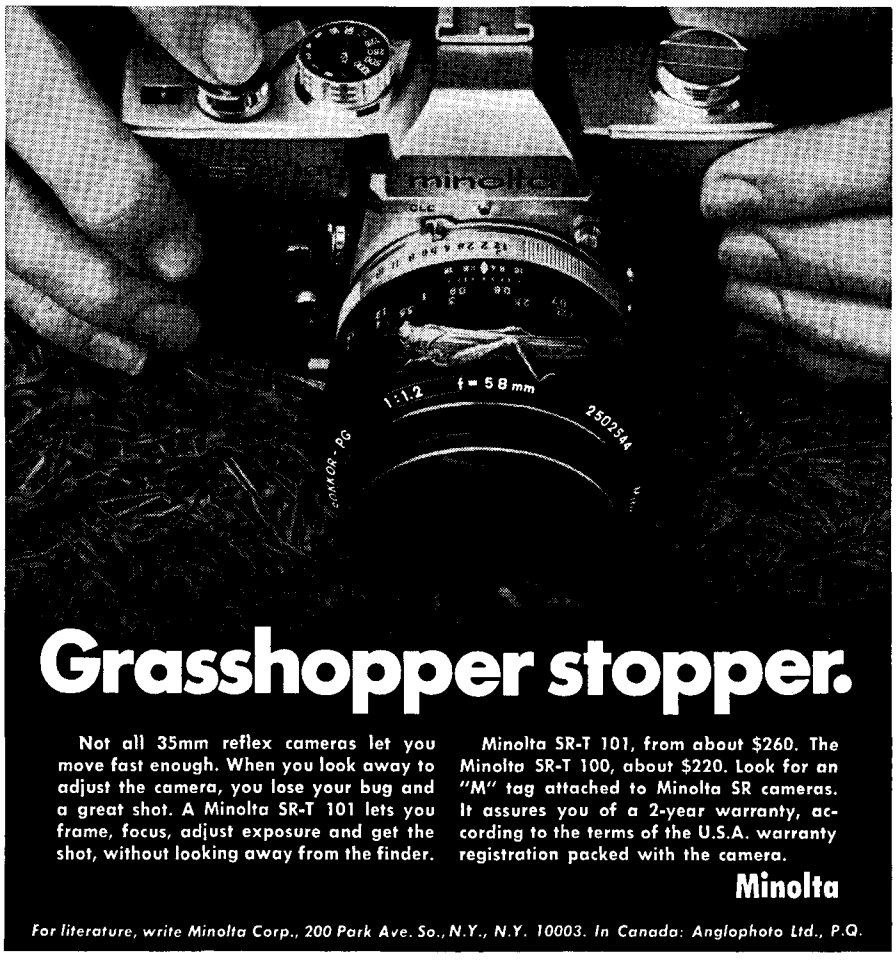
The action of the play springs from a progress report that Christopher's teachers must prepare for the boy's parents, themselves individuated activists, who have taught their son to inquire, to think for himself, and to do what he feels he must. The report is positive on academic performance but negative on behavior. The boy, in response, writes his own indictment of the school's behavior toward him (admitting his faults but faulting the teachers on their failure to deal with him as an individual).

His parents and his sympathetic guidance counselor weigh the merits of making more waves by submitting Christopher's indictment, and they decide against sending it in. His father signs perfunctorily, because if he did take the boy out of this school he wouldn't know where to send him to get the special attention he needs. Christopher determines to stay in the system and fight—not to sit down, shut up, or get out, but to do his own thing and "lose on my own terms rather than win on yours."

The program elicited an extraordinary mail response from viewers. Of an estimated 1,500 letters, all but two dozen were enthusiastic and some asked for videotapes and scripts to study in schools, colleges, and community groups. The unfavorable letter writers saw the boy in the play as selfish, egocentric, and unwilling to fit in. Many gifted children, they argued, manage to get along in the schools. However, overwhelming numbers of the viewers who wrote saw themselves or their children in the drama's young protagonist. They recounted their own bitter experiences with the system and lamented the condition of a country that breeds sheep-like conformists and has no place for the dissident, the critical, the marcher to a different drum. This is the perennial plaint of the intellectually and emotionally alienated in the alleged mass-culture of America.

I saw the program after it appeared, at a special screening, having been "force fed" by friends at the National Council of the Churches of Christ (Broadcasting and Film Commission), which produced the drama jointly with NBC's department of religious programing. I appreciated the attention given to the plight of the independent student, but I was struck by the fact that Christopher was never shown with his peers (except when he plays chess with a girl student).

Sit Down, Shut Up or Get Out is important, not only because it shows the sufferings of the different (such students invariably survive the hell of their early school experiences). It also exposes, by inference, the sadder plight of the average student who goes along, who conforms because he sees the punishment meted out to the rebel. By conforming, his own growth is diminished, and although the system may move him out into society, it delivers him as less than a fully developed citizen. Shrunken egos compensate by periodic outbreaks of aggression. This keeps the system forever unsteady. Our schools will never really succeed with "the average" until they solve the problem of dealing with "the different." That is the import of Allan Sloane's *Sit Down, Shut Up or Get Out.*



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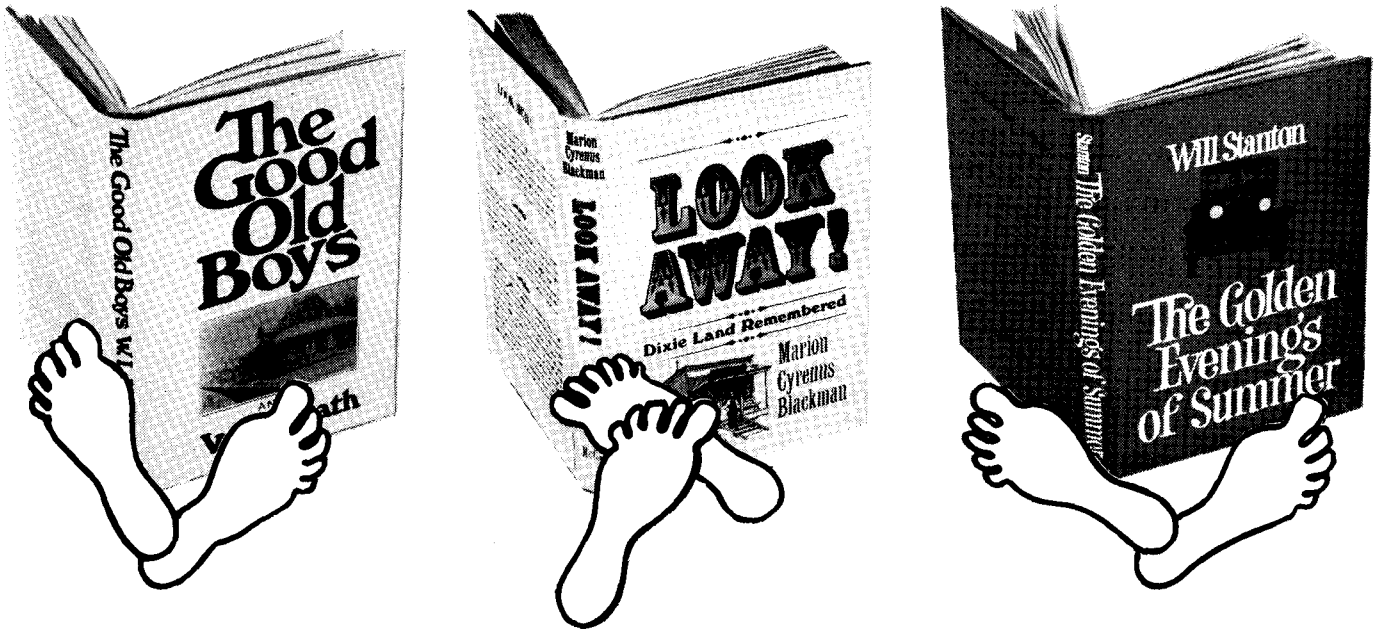

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In the True Language of a Woman

by FERNANDO ALEGRIA

SELECTED POEMS OF GABRIELA MISTRAL

Translated from the Spanish and edited by Doris Dana

Johns Hopkins, 235 pp., $10; paperback, $2.95

"The glory of Bolívar compared to that of the Redeemer is less than the dirt under my nail."

In these few lapidary words, quoted in the introduction to this selection of her poems, Gabriela Mistral has provided an accurate image of her own personality. For she was uncompromising, direct, totally devoted to truth and respectful of the supreme power of language, which she considered a gift of God. Because of these qualities people generally thought of Gabriela more as a teacher than as a writer. Summarizing her genius, Miguel de Unamuno, Max Daireaux, Díez Canedo, Federico de Onís, and Waldo Frank pointedly underlined the "moral strength" of her literary message, the "social significance" of her spoken word, and the "inspiring force" of her personality. The Chilean poet Pedro Prado said simply, "You will recognize her for the nobility she awakens."

Gabriela Mistral insisted that teaching was her true vocation. When asked the reason she had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1945 she answered, "Perhaps it was because I was the candidate of the women and children." Here Gabriela was stressing a point that is basic to an understanding of her poetry and the profound influence it has had on the Spanish-speaking world. She was one of the first poets in Latin America to write in the true language of a woman and not as a woman trying to imitate the poetry of men. Gabriela changed the poetic language of Latin America in the sense that love (passionate, sensual love) and motherhood, or love and desperation, became personal confessions, human documents instead of literary exercises by romantic and modernist poets. Critics who were offended by her frankness, who accused her of being lusty and coarse, never realized that what they were confronting was a woman's rebellion against hypocrisy, literary and social *machismo*, and the rhetoric of decadent sex. Gabriela rallied around her strong forces of social protest. All over Latin America she was hailed as a defender of human rights and as a protector of the downcast and persecuted.

Essentially, Gabriela's poetry is not a poetry of protest but a poetry that lives by a secret spiritual power that expresses itself, gently or forcefully, in obscure symbols made with earthy and common things. Her poetry has no ornament except that which nature offers in the form of lights, motion, and colors over simple, ancient words. It is a poetry that takes shape in slow, almost painful movements, like a big body freeing itself from tight bonds, like a voice too strong for the little songs that it wishes to sing. The movement is always there, a powerful, vast, rhythmic upsurge that encompasses people, landscapes, passions, hopes, bitterness, faith.

In one of the commentaries that precede each of the four sections of

FERNANDO ALEGRIA, professor of Latin American literature at Stanford University, and the Counselor for Cultural Affairs at the Chilean Embassy, is a novelist, poet, and critic. He is the author of *Gabriela Mistral: Genio y Figura*, published in Buenos Aires.

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Selected Poems, Doris Dana, the translator, expertly touches upon this idea of a spiritual and social potential forever moving in Gabriela's poetry, a potential that has surprising effects on people. It makes those with different ideologies, for example, feel that they must "win Gabriela back" for whatever cause they defend.

> For the people who had no voice, Gabriela became their voice. And for those who could no longer see themselves or their fellow men, who were blind with egotism, envy, hypocrisy, and greed, Gabriela became their eyes and tried to make them see. . . . Many of the poems of *Lagar* (*Wine Press*) are of this nature. Gabriela cried out against persecution, tyranny, racial hatred, war, genocide—crimes perpetrated by man against his brother. She often said, "Of the enemies of the soul—the world, the devil, the flesh—the *world* is the most serious and most dangerous." Gabriela felt that Latin America should try "to create a humanism more Greek than Roman, and saturated with authentic Christianity." Asked what should be the intellectual's response to the political act that cuts off the rights of the individual, she answered: "To resist, to protest, a thousand times *to resist*. It astonishes me to see that the so-called intelligentsia is softened and corrupted by power and money."

This is the Gabriela that young and old admire in Latin America today, the social leader with a message for the Chilean people in 1955, when she last visited her homeland—she died in 1957—and then again in 1964, when Eduardo Frei Montalva became president, and now, more than ever, in a period of momentous changes. This is the Gabriela who will be heard in the United States and who, one hopes, will be understood by readers of different backgrounds and interests.

The Useless Wait	*La Espera Inútil*
I forgot that your light foot had turned to ash, and as in happy times I set out to meet you on the path.	*Yo me olvidé que se hizo* *ceniza tu pie ligero,* *y, como en los buenos tiempos,* *salí a encontrarte al sendero.*
I crossed valley, plain, and river, and the singing made me sad. The evening spilled out its vessel of light—and you did not come!	*Pasé valle, llano y río* *y el cantar se me hizo triste.* *La tarde volcó su vaso* *de luz ¡y tú no viniste!*
The sun crumbled to shreds like a burnt dead poppy; flecks of fog trembled over the fields. I was alone!	*El sol fué desmenuzando* *su ardida y muerta amapola;* *flecos de niebla temblaron* *sobre el campo. ¡Estaba sola!*

—*From the book*

Woodcut for "The Flower of Air"—"lyrical power in black and white."

Doris Dana, I believe, was clearly thinking along these lines when she made her selection of Gabriela's poems for this anthology. Here we have a splendidly balanced collection of the four most important stages of Gabriela's life: the passionate, tumultuous, sensuous years of *Desolación*; the gentle, playful, and tender time of *Ternura*, with its songs and ballads for children; the desolate, desperate, Brazilian episode, darkened by the death of her adopted child Yin Yin; and the serene, luminous period, expressed in *Tala* and *Lagar*, with the testimony of her mystical experiences and her images and visions of America. Miss Dana deftly leads the reader along a difficult path, the one Gabriela took to discover an expression of her own, a language (*habla*, as Leo Spitzer says) composed of the old and the popular, together with the sophisticated nuances of religious symbolism.

To show a poetic evolution in a translation is, of course, an almost unsurmountable task. Nevertheless, I feel that Doris Dana has succeeded in her attempt to make Gabriela *sing*—not merely talk—in a language that is faithful to the original Spanish (here reproduced) and which in itself is good English poetry. Some of her renditions are magnificent, as in "Close to Me," "Prayer for the Nest," "Rocking," "The Sad Mother," "Mexican Child," "Midnight." Some—"We Were All to Be Queens," "To See Him Again," "Song of the Dead Maidens"—are admirable tours de force. Others reveal a sense of divination, a unique perception of hidden meanings and word echoes, as in "The Goblet" (a poem that shows a curious relationship to José Gorostiza's *Death Without End*), "The Foreigner," "Time"—all poems of religious consciousness and mystic knowledge.

It is to the translator's credit that she has chosen two excellent guides to accompany her in the task of reintroducing Gabriela Mistral to an American audience: Francisco Aguilera, the Chilean critic, who contributes a fine, concise, illuminating foreword, and Dr. Margaret Bates, whose introduction is informative and scholarly. One might wish that Miss Dana had included a bibliography, which would have helped the reader to select criticism from the mountains of articles and essays about Gabriela, both in Spanish and in English.

This memorable volume is further enhanced by the woodcuts of the Uruguayan artist Antonio Frasconi, who has captured with masterful restraint the robust beauty of Gabriela's poetry and personality. Frasconi's illustrations for "Rocking," "The Flower of Air," and "Final Tree" are great examples of his own lyrical power in black and white.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Performance for POWs

JAN BARRY'S VIEWS ON VIETNAM are well known and, in my opinion, render him incapable of writing an even somewhat objective review of *Forty Days with the Enemy* [*SR*, June 26].

I spent considerable time in Vietnam, both in military and civilian capacities. On civilian status, I talked with over 350 Viet Cong and North Vietnamese prisoners and defectors. Hence, I believe that I have some small knowledge of the functioning of the Communist military and political organizations, plus an insight into the mind of the average Communist soldier.

The Communists attach the greatest importance to the treatment of captured personnel who might be of immediate political value. Obviously, press representatives fall into this category. It is very possible that the Communists, once they were aware of the nature of their catch, "stage-managed" the captivity to provide as favorable a picture of guerrilla life as possible. Communist cadre have described to me similarly managed situations with kidnaped Government of Vietnam officials. Americans generally do not comprehend the total control a political officer, such as kindly old Anh Hai, has over the soldiers in a military unit. It is entirely possible that even the, to an American, insignificant incident concerning the guerrilla from Ben Tre was managed by the Communist leaders. The Communist cadre are well aware of American coverage of the Ben Tre incident. Several have remarked to me that Ben Tre represented one of the great Communist political victories of the war, primarily because of the "favorable" (to use their term) coverage given it in the U.S. press.

JOSEPH M. PUGGELLI,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Judaic Law Misrepresented

ELLIS RIVKIN'S REVIEW of Haim Cohn's *The Trial and Death of Jesus* [*SR*, June 19] is a grievous injustice to an extraordinary volume and to its learned author. The reviewer dismisses as of no account the mass of evidence which the scholarly jurist has presented to prove that the Jews were fiercely anxious to *save* Jesus from execution, which took place despite their unceasing efforts to prevent it—and because Jesus refused to cooperate. Only such determination can explain the convening of a special session of the Sanhedrin on Passover eve.

Mr. Rivkin ignores the indisputable fact that the trial as described in the New Testament violates every principle of Jewish criminal law, which renders it utterly untenable from a Jewish point of view. He also ignores the simple truth which the author makes crystal clear: that the Jews literally could not demand that Pilate execute a fellow Jew—and especially Pilate, the most detested of Roman procurators in Palestine, a beast in human form, whose savagery and corruption ultimately forced Rome to recall him.

The truth is that the Gospels are theological books composed by men who were eager to shift responsibility for the crucifixion from Rome to the Jews in order to incur the favor of Roman rulers.

The reviewer fails to mention that crucifixion as a mode of execution was not only unknown to Jewish law, but foreign to Jewish concept of justice and mercy. Though revolting to the Jew, crucifixion remained one of the most popular of Roman pastimes, and particularly in the war against the Jews. So numerous were the victims whom Titus crucified that, according to Josephus, the Roman soldiers were unable to find enough wood for crosses and not enough space to build them.

THEODORE N. LEWIS,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Gray Passages

FOSTER SHANNON [BOOK FORUM, June 19] is distressed that in my review of *Jesus and Israel* [*SR*, Apr. 10] I supported by inference "a stupid myth in the name of intellectual inquiry," for "there is not one shred of anti-Semitism in the Gospels or the entire New Testament." In general, secular historians and liberal Christian scholars assert it is there; in general, Roman Catholics and Conservative Catholics feel that it isn't. Where they seem to agree is that the gray passages are quite susceptible of being used for anti-Semitic purposes.

I think Mr. Shannon does me an injustice in supposing that a "stupid myth" would claim my support; he might have been a bit more charitable toward one who has published as much as I have, even in Christian journals.

To my mind it is more important that Mr. Shannon disavows anti-Semitism than that a difference in judgment about passages in the New Testament exists.

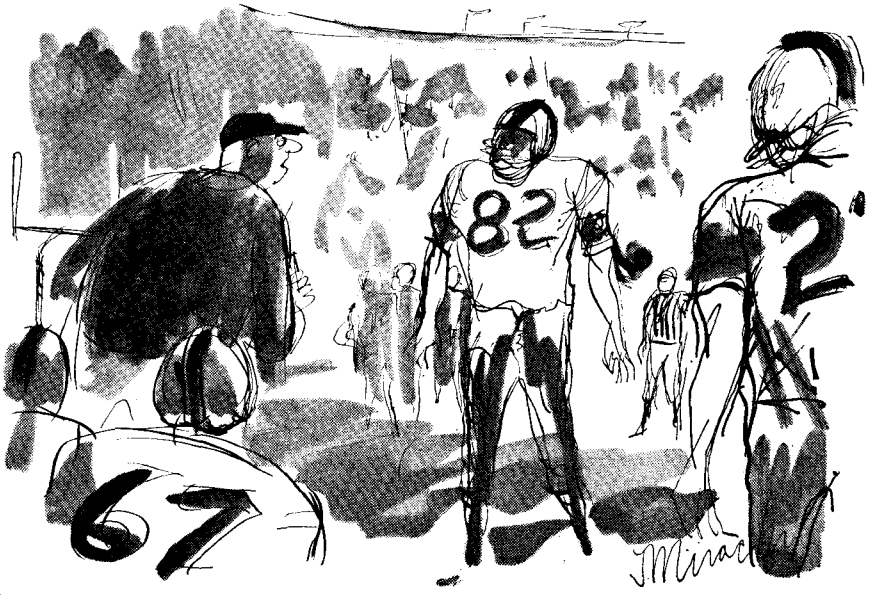
SAMUEL SANDMEL,
Cincinnati, O.

History Corrected

WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.'S LIGHT-HANDED assertion [*SR*, May 29] that Italian-Americans are assimilated reveals more about his own state of mind than about Italian-Americans. While there are a number of Italian-Americans who feel as he does, there are many more who feel otherwise, who join Italian-American organizations by the tens of thousands—yes, even eighty or ninety years since the great wave of Italian immigration. Mr. Guzzardi failed to mention that the Italian immigration in recent years is as high or higher than that of any other group of Europeans and that it is itself a phenomenon worthy of sociological study.

The fact that Guzzardi evaluates the Iorizzo-Mondello book in juxtaposition to the activity of Joseph Colombo's Italian-American Civil Rights League, which is not covered by the book, demonstrates his constitutional inability to accept Italian-American studies on a par with more supposedly serious and important studies of, say, Italian history, *per se*. But the simple fact is that the history of Italian-Americans is as important for Italian-Americans as the history of Italy itself. The field of American history is undergoing enormous metamorphosis because of the neglect of the place of racial and ethnic groups in American history. The Iorizzo-Mondello work goes a long way to correcting this oversight in so far as Italians are concerned.

SALVATORE J. LAGUMINA,
Garden City, N.Y.



"All alone in the end zone and the ball slips through your fingers. What do you think the President of the United States thought when he saw that?"

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CONFIGURATIONS

by Octavio Paz
translated from the Spanish by Muriel Rukeyser and others

New Directions, 198 pp., $6.50; paperback, $2.75

Reviewed by Anna Balakian

■ Literary transplants run the risk of rejection because of the vagaries of translation and the unpreparedness of foreign soil. Literary historians still look askance at Baudelaire's French-filtered Edgar Allan Poe; Edmund Wilson, in introducing the symbolist movement to an American public, fared better because, ingeniously, in *Axel's Castle*, he mingled literary figures of the English-speaking world (Joyce, Eliot, Yeats, Stein) with the foreign.

Octavio Paz's *Configurations*, appearing in the New Directions bilingual series, has been expertly compiled through the collaboration of many talented writers. Muriel Rukeyser serves as editor and chief translator, while such poets as Denise Levertov and Charles Tomlinson are among the contributors. Miss Rukeyser has also provided a succinct, relevant introduction and helpful notes. All these interpreters on his side notwithstanding, Octavio Paz is meeting with misapprehensions, partly because, unlike most of his Latin American colleagues, he does not provide a simple, directly communicative poetry. But the greatest obstacle to an Anglo-Saxon breakthrough is his surrealist frame of reference, which is generally unfamiliar to Americans and even to most professors of literature. He is misunderstood because surrealism is still equated with overt irrationalism and exhibitionism, and Latin American literature is still associated with colorful regionalism.

Neither of these identifications fits Octavio Paz, who is Mexican by birth, a sometime resident of France, former ambassador to India, and a cosmopolite by culture. Miss Rukeyser aptly classifies him among "the next kind of men." Paz indeed belongs to that new breed of humans, more numerous each day, who are freeing themselves of ethnic myopia and walking the earth as inhabitants of the planet, regardless of national origin or political preferences. Among them are Claude Lévi-Strauss, Picasso, Herbert Marcuse, Jacques Monod, Werner Heisenberg, and a host of film-makers and artists; one such was André Breton, who conceived the surrealist movement in global perspective.

Although some of Octavio Paz's poems written between 1957 and 1967 and collected here refer to his native Mexico and to American-Indian lore, the use he makes of them is not regionalistic but related to his basic surrealist leitmotif: to recapture the primeval, antediluvian sense of being and seeing. Paz belongs to the "magus" sector of surrealism, in the lineage of those who assume the role of a latter-day Theseus forging ahead in the human labyrinth. With monistic faith in the solidarity of all existence and in the powers of metamorphosis of things and beings, they mingle freely with the creatures of land and sea, and seek answers in the collective mythology of the world.

André Breton tapped French and Celtic lore; there is mention of the Mélusine legend in Paz's poetry as well, but he found a closer and richer vein in the ancient Mexican cults, as we can see in *"Piedra de Sol,"* which comprises the first section of this anthology. Miss Rukeyser explains the relevance of the title of the poem and its structure to the Aztec calendar. The 584 lines correspond to the synodical period of 584 days marked on the huge, wheel-like stone calendar in the National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City. The delineation of the relationship between the planet Venus and the Sun (land and fire) is in the tradition of the fundamental interplay of the basic alchemic elements of fire, earth, air, and water, which are not exclusively American-Indian but part of a universal mythology. Paz coordinates these elements more fully in other poems. The last lines of "Salamander," translated by Denise Levertov, read:

> Salamander of earth and water
> green stone in the mouth of the dead
> stone of incarnation
> stone of fire
> sweat of the earth
> . . .
> Salamander of air and fire . . .

Images of crystal and transparence dominate Paz's poems as they do Breton's. Receptivity to love leads to purity and light—"the infinite weight of light." In "With You" Paz says, "I inhabit a transparency." Like the French surrealists, he sings of the immediacy of life: *"el presente es perpetuo"*; his is not the anguished awareness of mortality, which permeates the poetry of Lorca, but an open, inviolate sense of the totality of life that each moment can give. There is a two-directional viewing of the human condition. *"Je est un autre,"* Rimbaud said. This is a thematic element of Paz's perspective: "I am the other, when I am myself." Close communion with the movements of nature is part of the receptivity, admirably expressed in "The Balcony," and successfully rendered by Lysander Kemp. The long poem ends thus:

> Over this fragile bridge of words
> The hour lifts me up
> Time suffers from a hunger for incarnation
> Somewhere beyond myself
> I await my arrival

The power of love is another aspect of self-fulfillment through conjunction with the *other*. This is evident in the first part of *"Piedra de Sol"* as he vir-

(*Continued on page* 61)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

PRESTO CHANGO

Kate Kolber of Chicago asks you to identify each of these transformations with the author or work that described it. The spell is broken on page 61.

1. A beautiful woman enters a flame, shrinks into a shriveled old hag, and dies. ( )
2. An ivory statue of a beauty comes to life. ( )
3. A weaver's head is changed into an ass's head. ( )
4. In his portrait, though not in life, a man's features become old, gross, and evil. ( )
5. A woman is turned into a toy-like figure and is pocketed. ( )
6. A batrachian resumes his princely form. ( )
7. An old scholar drinks a potion and is rejuvenated. ( )
8. A baby becomes a pig. ( )
9. A young man awakens as a huge insect. ( )
10. A clay image is turned into an artificial man. ( )

a. Carroll
b. Goethe
c. *The Golem*
d. Grimm
e. *Metamorphoses*
f. *The Metamorphosis*
g. Shakespeare
h. *She*
i. *Steppenwolf*
j. Wilde

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SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA: The Great Trek to the Boer War

by Anthony Nutting

Dutton, 454 pp., $10

PAINTING AFRICA WHITE: The Human Side of British Colonialism

by Roy Lewis and Yvonne Foy

Universe Books, 238 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Charles Miller

■ Although revealing little not already known, Anthony Nutting's *Scramble for Africa* has the jolt of an exposé. Its locale is nineteenth-century southern Africa, its high point the two-decade crisis preceding the Boer War in 1899, and its stars (if that is the word) a trio of authentic imperialist villains: Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary; Sir Alfred Milner, Britain's High Commissioner for South Africa, and Cecil Rhodes, history's most gluttonous empire builder. As Nutting correctly asserts, the war was their "deformed and evil brainchild."

By focusing on the sordid shenanigans of the three, Nutting dispels the image of the uncouth, racist Boers as the aggressors in the South African duel. True, the Dutch-descended colonists despised Britain to the point of paranoia but their hatred was not entirely groundless. For nearly a century it had been British policy there to discourage Boer domination of the region, and the sister Afrikaner nations—the Orange Free State and the South African (Transvaal) Republic—enjoyed what was at best a precarious sovereignty. After 1886, when gold was discovered in the Transvaal, that country was overrun by a predominantly English—and conspicuously loutish—community of "Uitlanders." Even so, Transvaal President Paul Kruger did not allow his Anglophobia to override his sense of *realpolitik*. He was prepared to coexist and cooperate, even on an unequal footing, with the neighboring British Cape and Natal colonies. As Chamberlain and his cohorts began to press for the Transvaal's unconditional submission to London, Kruger's continual offers of compromise provided every opportunity for an equitable modus vivendi. These proved insufficient. The three-man British cabal was bent on swallowing up all Afrikanerdom.

This objective was made clear in 1895 when Rhodes attempted to seize the Transvaal for his British South Africa Company by exploiting a nonexistent spirit of anti-Boer revolt among the Uitlanders. To that end he won Chamberlain's secret blessing for a conspiracy that fizzled out in the inglorious Jameson Raid, which aroused the Afrikaners to new heights of "loathing and disgust for a nation that could produce such perfidious leaders." Even less edifying was the whitewash that passed for a Parliamentary inquiry into the plot. To keep from losing his company's territory in the regions north and west of the Transvaal, Rhodes blackmailed Chamberlain by threatening to reveal the extent of the latter's complicity in the raid; the result was a panel "well and truly rigged to preserve the reputation of the Colonial Secretary and the Charter of the B.S.A. Company." But if this game of dirty pool, which deluded no one, gave Chamberlain any sleepless nights, he did not show it, for he was embarking on a stern imperial policy "designed to break Kruger either by a surrender to British paramountcy or by war."

Indeed, it was with war in mind that Chamberlain sent Milner to Capetown as High Commissioner. As disinclined to compromise as his chief, Milner lost no time in making impossible demands on Kruger's government while simultaneously launching an anti-Boer propaganda campaign in, Nutting states, "much the same vein as Hitler was to use forty years afterwards to justify his claims on the Sudetenland. . . ." Even when he finally got all that he had asked for—plus a great deal more—Milner rejected these gains by interpreting them as a Boer "moral ultimatum." The trio's real goal was out in the open when Chamberlain declared, "I dread above all the whittling away of differences until we have no casus belli left. . . ." He would, of course, have been better off without that "pretext for war," since Britain's military victory was to accelerate rather than halt the Boer domination of South Africa which he, Milner, and Rhodes so feared—and which had animated so many of their misdeeds.

They were not evil men, not even Rhodes, with his bottomless duplicity toward Boer and Bantu alike. Their foul play was committed for a cause almost amounting to a religious belief that the British Empire represented history's most hopeful force for world peace and the well-being of all mankind. That credo was given substance in Africa not only by the great proconsuls who spread Pax Britannica across three and a half million square miles, but by the thousands of ordinary Englishmen and women who consolidated those gains at the grass roots.

This human element in the British-African epic is the subject of Roy Lewis and Yvonne Foy's *Painting Africa White*, a spirited three-dimensional account of how the Anglo-Saxon trailblazers compensated for fever, hostile tribes, and canard by planting their own civilization in the bush. In fact the book could almost be called a catalogue of Victorian-Edwardian ingenuity, which provided necessities such as quinine, breech-loading rifles, and prefabricated river steamers, and frills such as the clown suits of the earlier explorers and Paris fashions—cut from imported paper patterns—worn by many a pioneer wife. No human need seems to have been overlooked: during the South African gold rush, "tented brothels were brought in complete. The 'Venus of the Veld' was put up to auction at the 'Black Cat,' and standing naked in a top hat on a billiard table, 'went' for £3,000."

Above all, the intruders brought with

—From "Painting Africa White"

Sewing class, East Africa—"Paris fashions [were] worn by many a pioneer wife."

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them an unshakable faith in the almost divine rightness of their mission to uplift the African. "They believed quite genuinely," as one observer wrote of an archetypal group of district officers in the Lake Nyasa region, "that those 'lesser breeds without the law' who had been gathered into the British fold were remarkably lucky. . . . The Bwanas moved about the shore unarmed, unguarded and with Olympian confidence in the superiority of all British institutions. . . ." Of the final British eviction, the authors of *Painting Africa White* remark, with tongue in cheek, "There was little left but to wonder how the blacks would ever manage without us."

Charles Miller is the author of "The Lunatic Express," an informal history of British East Africa, to be published this fall.

IN PRAISE OF YIDDISH

by Maurice Samuel

Cowles, 283 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Curt Leviant

■ A serious, in-depth treatment of Yiddish has been long overdue. Alphabetically Hebrew, grammatically German, lexically Germanic-Hebraic-Slavic, but spiritually Jewish, Yiddish is one of the several diasporic languages of the Jews that have had near-equal status with the sacred tongue, Hebrew. Others have included Aramaic, which, still used in prayers, is the basic language of the Talmud and of medieval cabalistic literature; Judeo-Arabic, Judeo-Persian, Greek, and Ladino—spoken by the Jews of Spanish and Portuguese descent. But Yiddish has the longest continous history and, along with Hebrew, is one of the rare examples in world culture of a language that has produced a major literature without links to nationhood.

Since World War II the Yiddish language has benefited by the growing popularity of East European Jewish culture and translated Yiddish literature. The periphery of Yiddish has been explored by various pamphlets that promised the reader instant understanding of the language, and by articles that capitalized on its juicier elements. Juxtaposed with these are the excellent text *College Yiddish* and a comprehensive *Modern English-Yiddish Yiddish-English Dictionary*, both by the late Uriel Weinreich. The introduction of Yiddish language and literature courses at many universities is symptomatic of this general interest, as is the commercial success of Leo Rosten's *The Joys of Yiddish*, a humorous, anecdotal dictionary for the general public.

Now Maurice Samuel has fulfilled a promise to write a book about Yiddish, made to his readers in his 1963 autobiography, *Little Did I Know*. The author of a score of works and translator of Sholom Asch and I. J. Singer, Mr. Samuel has been interpreting Jewish literature, life, and culture for nearly half a century. *In Praise of Yiddish* does not take the exploitative approach used by those self-styled experts who know little authentic Yiddish but play with vulgarisms and denatured Yiddish expressions now in common usage. Neither is the book a glorified dictionary. Rather, Mr. Samuel takes a centripetal approach, moving in on his subject from many points. He discusses the character of Yiddish, where it began, who spoke it, and what the attitudes were toward it. His analysis of the language, from its birth nearly a millennium ago, is spiced with pertinent words and phrases, personal reminiscences, and examples from the literature. As always, the author's lines have bite; they demonstrate his enjoyment of English polysyllabic tonalities:

> The least translatable Yiddish Slavisms are the monosyllables *nu* and *zhe*, both of which are almost as flexible and multipurposed in Slavic as in Yiddish. *Nu* is so widely known among those who have a minimum of Yiddish . . . that I will dispose of it briefly. Its numerous shadings are partially echoed in the uses of "well," used as interjection: the interrogatory "well?," the exclamatory "well well!," the expostulatory, the placatory, the procrastinatory—each delivered with the appropriate inflection and the appropriate brevity or prolongation. But the throaty, impatient, drawn-out *nu-u-u!*, "for Pete's sake, get moving!," the staccato ironically commiserating *nu-nu*, "Don't ask, that's all he needed," and others cannot be conveyed by "well," however manipulated.

and:

> The outstanding application of [the Slavic suffix] *nik* is in *nudnik*, from *nudyen*, "to bore." Usage has given *nudnik* a quality that lifts it above the simple bore; a *nudnik* is a devotee of boredom, often bringing to its practice not only a native talent and commitment, but a considerable body of wearisome information on a very large number of subjects.

In addition to showing that Yiddish is a pliable linguistic instrument, capable of many shadings—various prefixes extend the nuances of Germanic words, inventing meanings that the German never dreamed of—Mr. Samuel also discusses what he calls the "blind" side of Yiddish. It does not, for example, possess the English language's thesaurus of nature terms. But the "blindness"—and he does not use the term pejoratively—goes even further. When Yiddish writers in the fifteenth century translated Italian romances into rhymed Yiddish sagas, they Judaized and de-Christianized the texts. In the *bovo bukh*, "Book of Bovo," Christian nobility, speaking Yiddish, casually mention Sabbath ceremonies and circumcision. The Bovo story is taken from the Italian version of an English original, *Bevys of Hampton*. However, this cultural transformation, it should be added, is not necessarily a monopoly of Yiddish, but is found wherever Jews dealt with intrinsically Christian material. An anonymous thirteenth-century Jew, translating an Arthurian romance into Hebrew with the title *King Artus: A Hebrew Arthurian Romance of 1279*, turns King Uther Pendragon's Christmas feast into a Purim party, with Old Testament words from the Book of Esther.

This work reveals Mr. Samuel's lifetime affection for Yiddish and his profound understanding of the language. For the constant intelligence, urbanity, and grace of his writing, Maurice Samuel has earned an honored role in Jewish literature. American literary critics have been remiss in not properly evaluating the place in English letters of one of the master stylists in the language.

Curt Leviant is the editor and translator of Lamed Shapiro's "The Jewish Government and Other Stories," which will be published shortly.

WIT TWISTER #226

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The __ __ __ __ she'd shared
with us convulsed the court:

She said that since she'd failed to
pay those men

For taking off her __ __ __ __ (and
one large wart),

They wickedly had __ __ __ __
them back again!

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 61)

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OF A WORLD THAT IS NO MORE

by I. J. Singer
translated from the Yiddish
by Joseph Singer

Vanguard, 253 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Chaim Potok

■ On the dedication page of his novel *The Family Moskat* Isaac Bashevis Singer writes:

> I dedicate these pages to the memory of my late brother I. J. Singer, author of *The Brothers Ashkenazi*. To me he was not only the older brother, but a spiritual father and master as well. I looked up to him always as to a model of high morality and literary honesty. Although a modern man, he had all the great qualities of our pious ancestors.

Literary honesty there certainly is in *Of a World That Is No More*, I. J. Singer's account of his childhood in the small Eastern European town of Leoncin near the banks of the Vistula. No sentimentality or sickly sweet romanticizing mars these pages. Instead, we have a hard-nosed look at the beauty as well as the ugliness of the once multifaceted and now quite dead world of Eastern European Jewry.

The book covers the years around the turn of the century, and depicts the disintegration of three worlds: tsarist Russia, Jewish Leoncin, and the inner world of Israel Joshua Singer as a child.

The reminiscence starts with Nicholas II being crowned Tsar of Poland and Autocrat of All the Russias, the author's father becoming the rabbi of the tiny Jewish community of Leoncin, and the boy beginning his Jewish education. At the end, there are barricades and demonstrations in Warsaw, the father is about to leave Leoncin in disgrace as the scapegoat in a quarrel between local Hasidim and their opponents, and the piety of the child has begun to erode into angry disbelief in a "just God."

The most important of the three worlds is the remote town of Leoncin, with its 200 people, tiny shingled houses, unpaved streets, Jewish and gentile shops, peasants, woodsmen, lumber merchants, and nearby Swabian farmers. That I. J. Singer can write successfully about big-city life, street battles, strikes, and the like we know from *The Brothers Ashkenazi*. That he can write with equal success about an insignificant hamlet we learn from *Of a World That Is No More*. Here he shows us the fabled Jewish community of the Eastern European small town, the *shtetl*; not the *shtetl* of a Broadway idyl but the *shtetl* as it truly was, with its good and evil people, its kindly and vicious teachers, its petty and often internecine quarrels, its piety and poverty, its stubborn fundamentalist provinciality in the face of an encroaching Western enlightenment—a unique culture perched along the very edge of gentile tolerance.

Through the eyes of Singer the child we see both the weaknesses and strengths of this life and bear witness to some of its basic contradictions. The *shtetl* revered education and learning but subjected its children to notoriously bad teachers; it believed in a world created by God but disdained the beauty and sensuality of nature; it held to the notion of the inherent worth of man but treated the common laborer with scorn; it believed in a just God but found itself time and again in the blood of the pogrom. The *shtetl* might ultimately have resolved its contradictions. Instead, it was murdered.

Reading this book, one is struck by the astonishing tenuousness of Jewish existence in the European exile, and the heartlessness with which yesterday's good relations could become today's savage pogrom. The appalling gullibility of non-Jews and their eagerness, in the face of all contradictory evidence, to believe almost anything about the Jew derived from centuries of indoctrination in suspicion and hate.

Of a World That Is No More is an unforgettable portrait of one small way station in the long Jewish odyssey that finally ended when the occasional, though bloody, interruptions in the relations between Jews and gentiles became endemic. Now that world is, indeed, no more, and decent mankind is poorer for its death. All the more reason to treasure—in the translation of his second son—I. J. Singer's honest memory of it.

Chaim Potok is the author of "The Chosen" and "The Promise."

"It's called a stag jacket, sir. You could wear it to a deer crossing."

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THE BOOK OF DANIEL

by E. L. Doctorow

Random House, 303 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ A dozen years after Paul and Rochelle Isaacson have been electrocuted for passing atomic secrets to the Russians, their son, Daniel, sits in the library at Columbia University, ostensibly working on his Ph.D. thesis. But he's actually jotting down notes about life in the Fifties and early Sixties, recalling how he and his sister, Susan, reacted to their parents' fate, wondering where the reckless course of late twentieth-century history is plunging America and the world.

To E. L. Doctorow politics is clearly a matter of life and death if men can be executed for their beliefs and actions. His third novel, more than a mere paraphrase of the Rosenberg Case, begins by evoking the cold-war tensions that, after Hiroshima, pitted Americans against each other, an era rife with political intrigues, witch hunts, blacklistings, and left- and right-wing propaganda which nurtured a national climate of fear.

By focusing on Daniel and his family, from the end of the Second World War to the peace march on the Pentagon in 1967, Mr. Doctorow creates a sharp, harrowing vision of people dedicated to ideologies that both heighten and betray their best impulses. Despite its questionable approach, *The Book of Daniel* is a plangent reading of recent history in which private and public events can clash and destroy human beings.

Before their arrest and indictment, the Isaacsons were familiar Old Left figures. They lived in a ramshackle house in the Bronx, attended square dances and Paul Robeson concerts, decried the country's cultural decadence, and raised Daniel on traditional Marxist dogma. As post-Depression Jews in an alien America, they believed that the eventual triumph of Communist ideals would vindicate "their poverty, their failure, their unhappiness. . . ."

Soon the tough, proud, slightly foolish Isaacsons—walking about naked at home to prove their freedom from bourgeois restraints—are involved in a lurid espionage trial. Their chance of receiving justice is slim: the Korean War is in progress, conspiracy laws are being tightened, and all left-wing activities are under FBI surveillance. Fearing for its own survival, the Communist Party abandons the couple's defense. They're tried by newspapers, condemned by the testimony of Selig Mindish, a former friend, and sentenced to death.

Were they guilty? Unlike the biblical Daniel, favored by God with interpretive powers, their son has no gift for hindsight: "Of one thing we are sure. Everything is elusive. God is elusive. Revolutionary morality is elusive. Justice is elusive. Human character. Quarters for the cigarette machine." Privately debating his parents' guilt or innocence, Daniel vents frustrated rage on his wife and child. His New Left sister, after a suicide attempt, goes mad in a state asylum. Daniel hopes that Mindish may reveal some final truth about the case and flies to California to visit him, but Mindish is senile, frolicking in a toy automobile at Disneyland and unable to answer any questions.

These are desperate ironies, spiked with cruel wit, suggesting that behind all motives and actions lie dense ambiguities. Nevertheless, mediating between personal and national conflicts, Mr. Doctorow seeks some political truths. From the failures of communism, "the perfectionist dream of heaven on earth," have emerged today's New Left insurgents who, in another, more ruthless irony, dismiss the Isaacsons. "You want to know what was wrong with the old American Communists? They were into the system," a hyperthyroid radical declares. "You dig? Society is a put-on so we put on the put-on."

Mr. Doctorow is that rare American novelist who is completely serious about politics, at ease with large ab-

(*Continued on page* 61)

OURSELVES

by Jonathan Strong

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 228 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Brian Hayes

■ Xavier Fereira, an introverted fellow who's always got a heartache, is in his early twenties, but he has only just begun to cry his teen-age tears. In a style so informal *Ourselves* might have begun "Dear Reader," Xavy recounts his years of anguish, when friendship and love become precious. He pines over a hopeless romance or a friend who's gone astray, then apologizes for whimpering: "I am disappointed with all I have written so far, ashamed of the way I appear in [this book], and impatient with the way I still seem to be." And again: "When I think of myself at that stage of my life I am terribly embarrassed. The pouty whininess, the draggy dispiritedness—it was rather revolting." One tends to agree with him.

Jonathan Strong's earlier book, *Tike and Five Stories,* was also sentimental, but the apologies here are a new affectation. Youthful passions and doubts are inflated in this first novel perhaps not to maudlin dimensions but well beyond what Mr. Strong's characters can contain.

Brian Hayes is a free-lance critic.

THE ONE-EYED KING

by Edwin Fadiman, Jr.

Bernard Geis, 371 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Peter Gardner

■ Edwin Fadiman's novel would appear to be an examination of the interrelationship in modern American society of money, sex, and power. Yet so devoid of intellectual substance is it that to credit the author with any serious purpose is perhaps to misread his intention. And so empty of insight or sparkle is the writing and so wooden or, rather, metallic are the characters that if *The One-Eyed King* is offered as entertainment it is hard to imagine who is going to be diverted.

The hero, Claude Jasper, is deflected from normal sexual relations for life when, as a little boy, he gets a peephole view of a torrid love affair between his governess and his father. That an Edwardian Scots governess should behave like a streetwalker the moment she reaches a Texas ranch is the kind of incongruity Fadiman takes in his stride. The crippling of Claude's sex life, however, puts no constraint

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upon his fabulous aptitude for making money, nor his driving ambition to rebuild Las Vegas and rename it Jasper City.

The world-roaming, lonely, and unbelievably wealthy Claude may stir in the reader more distaste than sympathy, if he stirs anything, but for his creator he is the device by which many currently modish elements may be dragged into the plot: random eroticism (heterosexual and homosexual), slices of high and low life in London, Cannes, and Las Vegas (with a speedboat incident thrown in), and even—it is as though Fadiman recognizes his failure to engage the mind or heart and so decides to chill the spine—the Mafia. Unfortunately, these elements combine in a loose confusion reminiscent of uncombed hair. This story, which, at first glance, seems to be about so much, is very nearly about nothing at all.

Peter Gardner is an editor for a publishing house.

THE AESTHETICS OF PORNOGRAPHY

by Peter Michelson

Herder & Herder, 247 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Robert J. Clements

■ In view of Mr. Nixon's recent censure of William B. Lockhart, chairman of the United States Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, and the National Book Committee's citation to the same man, Peter Michelson's volume would appear to be timely. True, philosophers will quarrel with his use of the word "aesthetics," and literary scholars will remain bewildered by his insistence that pornography is a genre, thus combining *Lysistrata, Ulysses,* and *Screw* in a single category. Nevertheless, the book may claim two accomplishments.

The first is a vigorous defense of pornography against censorship, that moribund bull which always requires a few more stabs. The second is a survey of the great porno purveyors from Casanova to the author of *Portnoy's Complaint* ("the longest Jewish-mother joke in history"). Michelson groups them by their literary intentions and "cosmic themes" (moral anarchy, comic catharsis, etc.), quotes reams of their juicier passages, and adds brief explications. His points of reference range from Erich Auerbach, Mircea Eliade, and Northrop Frye to the hippies. Michelson keeps a serious demeanor throughout—something of a tour de force in view of the contents, like a client in a brothel maintaining his dignity during a police raid.

In his summation Michelson finds that "pornography can give us significant historical, sociological, and anthropological data about sexual attitudes and anxieties," can "tell us a good deal about the psychology of sex," can be "used in scientific research on sex," and has a "literary interest that is consistently emerging in the development of modern literature." There is some truth in these claims, of course, but Michelson protests too much. He takes seriously Genet's claim that "through the orgy of masturbation" one may "regenerate his life." He believes the whopper that "mad humanity hurt de Sade into pornography." He calls Walt Disney's view of the world "trash," a word he never uses for his pornographers' products. He dismisses J. Edgar Hoover's indictment of pornography as inducive to "a large number of sex crimes," but then in his closing pages he admits that the pornographer "provides some kind of authority for his reader to behave in the same way," thus reopening the controversy that his book was intended to silence.

The legal implications of pornography and censorship are crucially important. Yet Mr. Michelson underplays the equally important matter of taste, which is really where pornography offends. This neglect is a curious omission in a book presuming to present an aesthetic.

Robert J. Clements dealt with the subject of pornography in a graduate course on "Literature and Law" given at New York University Law School.

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VCT OBPRT KT CFWT VG OFS YGB XGHTS PA OFPQ PH UPE-TBVS.

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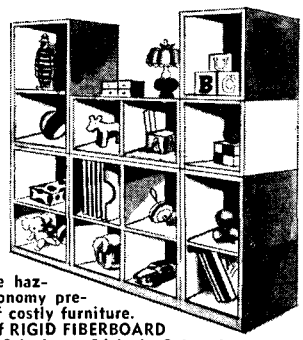

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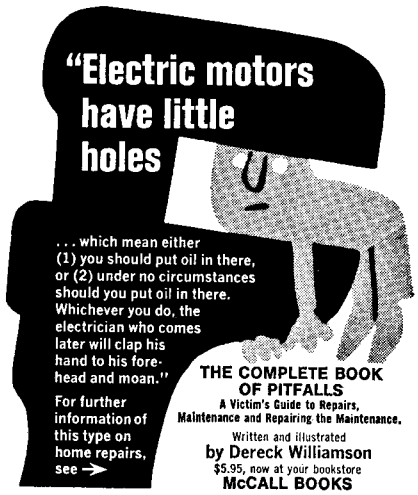
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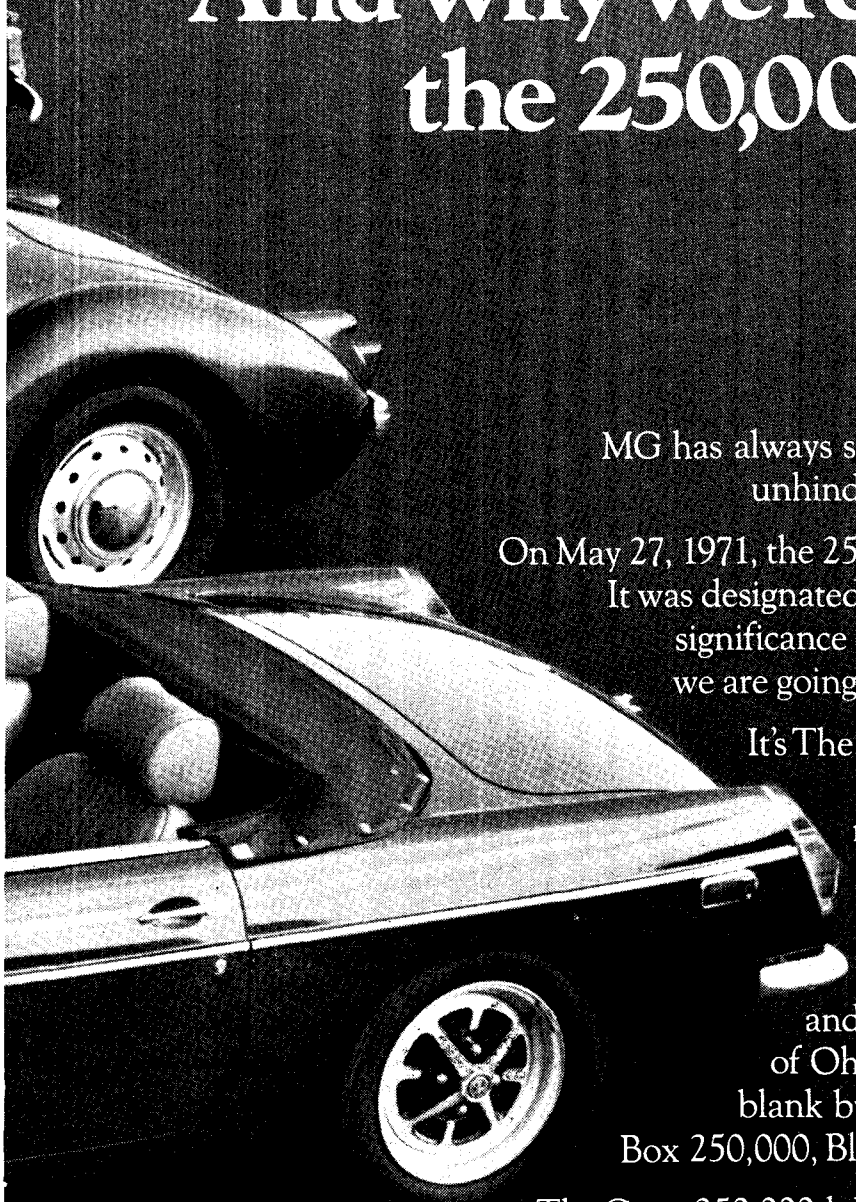

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On the Scoreboard

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Attendance is up in both baseball leagues, and the books have been pouring in. Three of the stories are for nine- to eleven-year-olds. Clem Philbrook's *Ollie's Team Plays Biddy Baseball* (Hastings House, $3.96) is a weak concoction of several slight subplots tied to the theme of cooperative behavior, and *Look Who's Playing First Base*, by Matt Christopher (Little, Brown, $3.50), tells of a boy who has just arrived from Russia, joins the team, and is taunted by another boy who quits and then decides to come back. Yuri wins the game in formula style, with a home run on the last page. The best in this age group is Alfred Slote's *Stranger on the Ball Club* (Lippincott, $4.50). Tim, who has enrolled in the fifth grade in a new school, is hostile and insecure. It takes patience on everybody's part and forgiveness for an act of dishonesty before Tim is finally accepted. The characterization is good, the plot is sturdy, and the baseball sequences are lively.

There is more fiction for older readers. *Computer Coach*, by Stephen Lewinstein (Westminster, $4.50), is the account of a student who coaches the baseball team by programing a computer. The writing is pedestrian, the story dull. A. W. Harmon's *Base Hit* (Lippincott, $4.25) is candid about the pressures of organized baseball at Little League level. *Big League Sandlotters*, by William R. Cox (Dodd, Mead, $3.95), has a sound father-son relationship in a mediocre book about a team trying to get into a semi-pro league.

Joe Archibald's *Payoff Pitch* (Macrae Smith, $4.25) is marred by contrived dialogue and the trite situation of a persecuted pitcher. *Bud Baker, College Pitcher*, by C. Paul Jackson (Hastings House, $3.96), pits pitcher against a coach who seems hostile (another patterned plot) but whose guidance paves the way for a professional contract. *Hot-Corner Hank*, by Jackson Scholtz (Morrow, $4.75), is somewhat better, with the baseball sequences balanced by Hank's interest in his father's restaurant business. The plum for older readers is Donald Honig's *Johnny Lee* (McCall, $4.50), which concerns a black boy of seventeen who goes from Harlem to a Virginia mountain town to play on a minor league team. Convincingly written in the first person, the story is realistic and candid.

The loneliness, the poor accommodations, the long bus rides and, for black players, the occasional discrimination, which are Johnny Lee's lot, are also portrayed in Donald Honig's *Up from the Minor Leagues* (Cowles, $3.95) in a series of interviews with major league stars. Ann Finlayson's *Champions at Bat: Three Power Hitters* (Garrard, $2.59) gives brief and flat biographies of Rogers Hornsby, Joe DiMaggio, and Ted Williams. *The Mets from Mobile: Cleon Jones and Tommi Agee*, by A. S. "Doc" Young (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $4.25), is as much about the Mets as it is about Cleon Jones and Tommi Agee. Dave Wolf's *Amazing Baseball Teams* (Random House, $1.95) is standard fare about seven teams, one chosen from each decade since 1900. Above standard is the new edition of John Durant's *Highlights of the World Series* (Hastings House, $6.95), which is among the most durable of the many books on the Series.

One of the top biographies this year is for ages seven to nine—Kenneth Rudeen's *Jackie Robinson* (Crowell, $3.75). Although Robert Jackson's *Johnny Bench* (Walck, $4.25) is brief and straightforward, the best for older readers is Hal Butler's *The Willie Horton Story* (Messner, $3.95). Adulatory in varying degree are *Lou Gehrig: Iron Man of Baseball*, by Willard and Celia Luce (Garrard, $2.49), Robert Rubin's *Tony Conigliaro: Up from Despair* (Putnam, $3.86), John Devaney's *Juan Marichal: Mr. Strike* (Putnam, $3.96), which is less interesting than Marichal's personal account of his career, and George Sullivan's *Tom Seaver of the Mets* (Putnam, $3.69). For the Cubs there is just a tedious *Iron Man*, by Billy Williams with Rick Simon (Childrens Press, $3), and Bill Libby's almost maudlin *Ernie Banks: Mr. Cub* (Putnam, $3.86), which is not to be confused with the more restrained *"Mr. Cub,"* by Ernie Banks and Jim Enright (Follett, $6.95).

Providing a fresh view that should appeal to young readers, although not a great literary product, *Big League Batboy*, by Jerry Gibson with Ed Wilks (Random House, $1.95), has some amusing stories about the Cardinals. Jim Bouton's *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*, edited by Leonard Shecter (Morrow, $5.95), is a series of candid, entertaining, if sometimes crude anecdotes about Bouton's experiences and conversations with players, managers, reporters, and television personalities. Bouton tells all. Surely the most intriguing book of baseball history is Robert W. Peterson's *Only the Ball Was White* (Prentice-Hall, $9.95), a long, detailed account of Negro baseball teams that is spiced with incidents and interviews and includes a lengthy roster of players. Pictures, too.

The *Illustrated Baseball Dictionary for Young People*, compiled by Henry Walker (Harvey House, $3.95), is alphabetically arranged, prosaic in style, but useful. A revised edition of Benjamin Brewster's *Baseball* (Watts, $3.75) describes the rules, plays, equipment, signals, etc. Both of these handbooks are for ages seven to ten. *Warm Up for Little League Baseball*, by Morris A. Shirts (Sterling, $3.95), is mediocre in style but contains useful tips on throwing, hitting, running, sliding, catching, and playing the infield or outfield. Dick Bosman and twelve others, all outstanding pitchers, give advice in *How to Pitch* (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95). In *A Wife's Guide to Baseball*, by Charline Gibson and Michael Rich (Viking, $4.95), the wife of a great pitcher tells you everything you wanted to know about baseball but were afraid to ask. Even the infield fly rule.

Do You Want to Be My Friend? *Written and illustrated by Eric Carle. Crowell. 32 pp. $4.50.* Through pictures that are almost segments of a frieze, bold and poster-simple against ample white space, the story of a small and amiable mouse is told. The only text is the title question at the start and a shy "Yes" at the close. The pictures do the rest, as the hopeful mouse overtakes one large creature after another. With each encounter, the mouse sees (on the right-hand page) an interesting tail. Turn the page, and there is a huge lion, or a malevolent fox, or a peacock, and then, at last, another wee mouse. The illustrations are charming, and the contrivance is one that small children will enjoy over and over. Ages 2-4.

Look Again! *By Tana Hoban. Macmillan. 40 pp. $4.95.* By a simple device a book of photographs is made enticing and useful as a lesson in observing detail. In front of each picture is a blank page with a center square cut out so that the child may guess what the small section that he sees is part of. Stripes? Turn the page: a zebra. Flower petal? No, the seed-pattern of a pear. On the reverse side of the photograph page is another picture, enlarging the concept: the zebra in a barn, a plate with two pears, one of which is cut. A fine book for the curious young. Ages 2-6.

Still Another Number Book. *By Seymour Chwast and Martin Stephen Moskof. McGraw-Hill. 64 pp. $4.95.* Another number

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book, yes, but not quite like any other. This eschews both the usual method of presenting digits and the repetition of symbols. The left-hand side of the first page is headed "One boat"; the right-hand side, "1=1." Filling the rest of the page are finny creatures in a purple sea, above which sits a bright red ocean liner. Four butterflies (1+1+1+1) are seen, each on a separate page, each different, the last of which is perched on a dog's nose, the first of five dogs. The illustrations have variety and humor, and the two double-page spreads at the end show, in boxes, ten jugglers, nine planets, eight birds, etc. Ages 4-6.

The King's Choice: A Folktale from India. *Retold by K. Shivkumar. Illustrated by Yoko Mitsuhashi. Parents' Magazine Press. 38 pp. $3.95.* As king of the forest the lion decides that he must have the fox, the leopard, and the vulture as his courtiers, whose vow of loyalty is to be repaid with food and protection. When the crafty three induce the king to taste camel meat, they meet their match, for the camel outwits them and lets the lion see their shallow selfishness. The courtiers depart, and the king of beasts declares that the camel will be his friend always. A typical "clever beast" story, smoothly adapted. The illustrations are in soft, muted colors and are embellished by an ornamental frame. Ages 5-8.

Foma the Terrible: A Russian Folktale. *Translated from the Russian by Guy Daniels. Illustrated by Imero Gobbato. Delacorte. 38 pp. $4.50.* Taken from the collection of Russia's great folklorist, Afanasev, *Foma the Terrible* is one of the "merry tales" of the genre. Foma's story, which is illustrated with rakish humor and told in lively colloquial style, is delightful to read to oneself or aloud. Convinced of his valor after killing twelve horseflies, the nearsighted dolt Foma goes off to be a great champion, and by sheer chance his ineptitude so baffles the army of the Chinese emperor that Foma emerges the victor. Conclusion: "It is not only real heroes who triumph: the louder a man blows his own horn, the better he fares in this world." Ages 5-8.

Break a Magic Circle. *By Elizabeth Johnson. Illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman. Little, Brown. 70 pp. $3.95.* Tilly was just about to take her first sip of a chocolate soda when it happened. A straw was thrust into the glass, slurping noises followed, and the drink was half gone. But nobody was there. That was how Tilly met the invisible boy who followed her home. Although she didn't dare tell her parents, she asked her brother's help in getting the boy to the woods where he had been made invisible by a vengeful wee man whose fairy ring of mushrooms had been broken by the boy. The drawings that illustrate the intriguing situation deftly show the children watching objects in the air being eaten by their unseen visitor. The style is competent, the dialogue very funny, especially when the speakers are Tilly's baffled parents. Ages 8-10.

Nellie Cameron. *By Michele Murray. Illustrated by Leonora E. Prince. Seabury. 185 pp. $4.95.* Nellie hated third grade. She knew she wasn't smart but she certainly wasn't dumb just because she couldn't read. Things were bad at home, too, with all her brothers and sisters getting praise and attention while she was left out. The change for Nellie comes slowly and realistically. Sent to the school reading clinic, she at first resists the overtures of the teacher, but Miss Lacey encourages her to write stories, and Nellie's reading improves. The teacher-child relationship has warmth and vitality, and the school sequences are balanced by sharply realistic scenes picturing a black family at home and Nellie's visits with a friend who has moved away. Ages 9-11.

Nothing Said. *By Lucy M. Boston. Illustrated by Peter Boston. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 64 pp. $3.50.* Sent to stay with her mother's friend Julia for a week, Libby is more captivated than she had expected to be by the quiet of the countryside, the nooks and crannies of the old house, and particularly by two statuettes of tree dryads. Julia tells her small guest stories of nymphs and dryads, and Libby half believes that there are spirits in the pool and the trees. So skillfully are the atmosphere and mood built up that it is wholly convincing when she encounters a dryad who has lost her own tree and finds her a new home in a young lime tree. The English countryside is evocatively drawn, the plot is fresh and strong, and the writing is polished and distinctive. Ages 9-11.

Atomic Energy. *By Irving Adler. Illustrated by Ellen Viereck. John Day. 47 pp. $2.97.* Where will the energy resources of our world come from in the future? A lucid explanation of the processes of obtaining energy from controlled nuclear fission follows a discussion of atomic structure and of converter and breeder reactors. A review of man's gradual understanding and control of atomic reaction, and of the possibilities of controlled fusion as a source of energy, strikes a modestly hopeful note. The book is concise, clear, and logically arranged. Ages 9-12.

—*From "Sparrows Don't Drop Candy Wrappers"*

Mystery of the Roman Ransom. *By Henry Winterfeld. Translated from the German by Edith McCormick. Illustrated by Fritz Biermann. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 186 pp. $4.50.* By Jupiter and all the immortal gods, Xantippus wanted to know, what was he going to do with a slave? Although the seven Roman boys he tutored had thought Xantippus would like one as a birthday present, they dutifully trotted off to return Udo, who was a captive from Gaul, to the seller. But the vendor had vanished. That's the boys' first clue that something mysterious is happening. From there on, the book becomes a romping detective story as the doughty heroes of ancient Rome try to find out which of their fathers, all senators, is the intended murder victim mentioned in the secret message carried by Udo. The chase scenes are lively and the dialogue amusing. Ages 10-13.

Chipmunks on the Doorstep. *Written and illustrated by Edwin Tunis. Crowell. 69 pp. $4.95.* Edwin Tunis has long been respected for the precision and fidelity of the drawings in his books and for the careful research on which they are based. Although he has written, among other topics, on colonial living, weapons, wheels, and Indians, this is his first foray into natural science, and it has all his earlier books had, and more. Because he is writing informally and affectionately about creatures he loves, the author adds to acuity of observation and meticulous detail in illustration a humor that enlivens the informative text. Speaking of taming a chipmunk by offering it peanuts, he says, "But he will come back, if not today, tomorrow; eventually he will creep up trembling to the nut and, jackass that you are, you will feel you have accomplished something." Ages 10 up.

Sparrows Don't Drop Candy Wrappers. *By Margaret Gabel. Illustrated by Susan Perl. Dodd, Mead. 64 pp. $3.95.* Dedicated to young people but with much of its message directed toward adults, this is a concise handbook about what each individual can do to prevent further pollution. Injunctions against buying fur coats and operating automobiles may not strike the young as their thing, but most of the book reminds the reader of do's and don'ts that apply to any age: plant shrubs and trees and vary them, don't litter, fight junk mail and unnecessary packaging, don't waste paper products. . . . Forthright and humorously illustrated, the manual should appeal to anyone aware of ecological peril. Ages 12 up.

Black Fiddler. *By Richard Piro. Illustrated with photographs. Morrow. 242 pp. $5.95.* Few teachers of music and drama in junior high schools have an easy time. Their colleagues think students should be working on their regular curriculum, cast members often feel they shouldn't have to do so, and no theatrical production is prepared in an atmosphere of total sweetness and light. Richard Piro had all these troubles, and more. The choice of *Fiddler on the Roof* made Jewish teachers apprehensive about how a cast of black and Puerto Rican youngsters would react. There were tensions between the school and the community, as well as personal problems among the actors. What was achieved was a small miracle of dedication, love, faith, and very hard work, and it is told with blazing affection for the students and frankness about the school situation. The play was a smash hit; so is the book. For young adults.

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Taking the Cure in Ketchikan

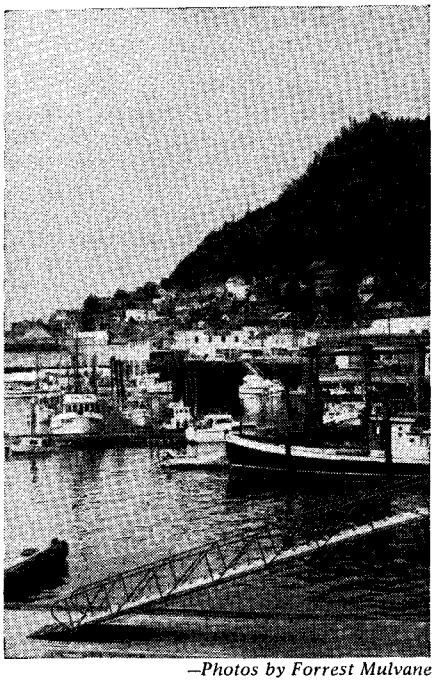
WHEN MANLY DOSES of antibiotics, vitamin C tablets, and honey-spiked tea won't cure a lingering summer cold, the only choice is to take off for Alaska. A week or so in the forty-ninth state is also guaranteed to clean out the lungs of urbanites from the south forty-eight (as the rest of us down below are called) and to mend the egos of heretofore luckless fishermen.

One of the drawbacks, I suppose, to visiting Alaska in the summer or any season is that a person can fly to Europe and back for roughly the same price, and if visions of Gothic cathedrals and grand meals are dancing before your eyes, the choice will of course be Europe. West Coast travelers are within more reasonable distance and expense, but even a round-trip coach ticket from Los Angeles to Anchorage runs $335. There is one built-in bonus here. For no boxtops or extra cost, Western Airlines offers a circle route that takes you to Hawaii on the way back to California.

Just ahead of a blast of mid-June heat, I picked up a Western flight one morning in Minneapolis, changed planes in Seattle, and by midday was breathing the cool pine air of southeast Alaska. Annette Island, the first jet strip you reach coming up the Inside Passage past the British Columbia coast, lies at the bottom of the Alexander Archipelago, a maze of islands, bays, and fjords dangling southeast of the great Alaskan land mass. Annette is still much closer to Seattle than to Anchorage, and in fact the daily life of southeastern Alaska seems more influenced from below than above.

Early on, the Alaska visitor grows accustomed to taking small planes with curious names to out-of-the-way places. On Annette, I switched to an Alaska Airlines Grumman Goose, a trusty old amphibian, for the short ride across the water to Ketchikan. Checking in at the counter, you are not assigned a particular flight number but are told to wait until your name is called among a group of eight or nine, which is the Goose's payload depending on whether the right front seat is occupied by a co-pilot. Meanwhile the tubby little planes are warmed up one after the other, and as enough passengers congregate by the terminal shed, a pilot comes forth to usher them aboard, doubling and sometimes tripling as steward and ground attendant.

Waiting my turn, I met a young couple up from California, recently married, who had gotten to know each other working in a cannery the summer before and were back again looking for similar work. They were confident of being hired because of certain connections but acknowledged that newcomers in search of summer jobs are in for a hard time this year. So severe is the unemployment level in Alaska—owing to such factors as the closing of many canneries and the holdup in the great oil rush—that state authorities, positioned along the roads leading into Alaska and in booths at Seattle's airport, are advising seasonal job hunters from the south forty-eight to turn around and go home. Tourists and the dollars they bring, however, are most welcome.



—*Photos by Forrest Mulvane*

Ketchikan skyline—"bristling with masts, tall pilings, and totems."

Within a year Ketchikan will have its own jetport, but until then all planes from Annette will continue to swoop in with the gulls and sputter up to the wood-plank docks, or "floats," that jut into the city's elongated, picturesque harbor. Ketchikan looks as it should: an active fishing port bristling with masts, tall pilings, and totems; neat frame houses set on green hillsides rising precipitously above the harbor; and, just beyond, snow-covered peaks that keep their whiteness through a cool and often damp summer.

Any further exposure to Ketchikan would have to wait a day, for after taking out a fishing license at Marlow's on

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the main street, renting all our gear (Roger Marlow assured us that night crawlers, *imported from Oregon*, would take the trout), and stocking up on a night's provisions in the local supermarket, two fellow woodsmen and I were off for Humpback Lake in a Cessna 185 float plane. Carl Jackson, the red-haired bush pilot, kept well below the heavy overcast, guiding his single-engine plane with one hand and talking casually over his shoulder, while dense forest and broadly gouged fjords—dare I say the equal of Norway's?—passed slowly beneath us. Jackson, cool and clear-eyed in that intrepid tradition of Alaska bush pilots, did place both hands on the wheel to steer us between two mountain peaks, gazing vainly round in hope of spotting a herd of mountain goats. A half hour out of town we headed through the last peaks and dropped down over Humpback Lake, five miles long and steeply wooded on all sides.

The lake gets its name from the gray brooding mass of stone that guards one end: Humpback Mountain. Jackson wanted to give us a closeup look at the mountain, so he flew very close to its rocky face, warning us, "You might feel this a little," then swung about and went into a dive. Half-exhilarated, half-frightened, I felt my eyes go shut and the sky close off; from the rear came a giggling shriek, the sound of a boy on a roller coaster. In moments the world came back and we were skiing across the water, Jackson describing the fun of a much hairier ride straight down the side of the mountain.

The only way into Humpback is by plane; after Jackson deposited us on a dock beside a small green A-frame chalet with a sign in front, CAPTAIN COOK HOTEL, he roared off across the lake and back to Ketchikan, sixty miles west, not to return until the following morning. The lake was ours. The only other lodging for miles is a forest ranger's cabin, well down the shore, that can be rented for just $2 a night. Many such two-dollar cabins are scattered through Alaska, but the catch is that you have to bring your own food and supplies, and sometimes the air fare by float plane nearly renders the whole appealing proposition prohibitive.

Behind the chalet—"Mossy carpets, giant spruces, furious waterfalls."

Bob Pickrell, a Ketchikan advertising man and newspaper editor, calls his newly built Captain Cook "the only do-it-yourself trout chalet in Alaska." Parties of up to six bring in their own food and fishing gear and get the cabin (with dishes, condiments, sleeping bags, etc.), motorboat, and lake for about $75 a night in addition to the $40 it costs a group of three or more to fly from Ketchikan. "I haven't promoted Humpback in the south forty-eight," Pickrell had told me between flights in Ketchikan, "but I think I would sell the idea to a father and son who were having trouble getting along. Send 'em in there, and they'd either come out friends or—maybe they'd never talk to each other again."

Almost before the drone of Jackson's Cessna had died across the lake, Humpback's mighty peace and remoteness began to set in. The little chalet stands amid carpets of mossy green earth, several giant spruces towering above, and out back a furious waterfall—the kind of sight that would draw droves of tourists were it nearer to civilization—tumbles into a stream and out to the lake. We took the boat and fishing rods out before dinner and hung about a dead tree stump where trout were supposed to be lurking, but the Oregon worms and various artificial bait got us not so much as a tug. We had heard complaints about a late season, and in fact clumps of snow still clung to the lower reaches of the steep shoreline. Light jackets were necessary against the setting chill. To think: It was to be ninety degrees that afternoon in Minneapolis, where my day had begun.

Warmed in the early evening by a wood fire in the potbelly stove, we started off with a round of Scotch and canned Camembert, then took on a dinner of steak, hash browns, vegetables, and finally apple pie. We were leaning back marveling at the wonders of outdoor life when one of my two dinner companions coolly declared: "If you'll look out the back window, you'll see a black bear." There on the mossy banks beside the stream was a smallish bear that hurried away and up the hillside when we threw open the back door to have a closer look.

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Both Pickrell and Jackson had insisted that bears never venture near the chalet, or at least they had never seen one. Of course in Alaska the brown bear, not the black, is the one that strikes fear into man, and around Humpback the Forest Service advises trampers to pack a 30.06 rifle or some such protection.

Alaska summers are for day people, emphatically so when you're stranded on a lake with two guys after dinner, and darkness and bedtime are still hours away. We puttered back to the old tree stump and fished, again uneventfully, until almost 11. Daylight doesn't last as long in southeast Alaska as it does farther north in the interior, but when I zipped shut my sleeping bag in the upstairs loft shortly before midnight, the sky was still not altogether dark. One of my companions, who has lived in Ketchikan a short time since moving up from the lower forty-eight, awoke with a start about 4:30. Hearing the waterfalls in his sleep, he took it to be traffic on the freeway beside which he had lived in Seattle.

In the morning we disdained the tree-stump location and instead plied the shallows of the far shore, finally hooking onto some modest speckled trout, just as Carl Jackson returned with our ride home. There were no thrills and chills on the return trip—not even a glimpse of a mountain goat. When the Ketchikan waterfront hove into sight, it seemed, in comparison to where we had been, a center of frenetic urban activity.

For an Alaskan city, Ketchikan *does* manage to stir up its share of life. Banners and signs around town proclaim it to be the state's third largest city behind Anchorage and Fairbanks; the boast is meant to slight Juneau, the capital, just up the coast, which probably has a higher population than Ketchikan but not as loud a sense of civic pride.

Some people feel Ketchikan is trying too hard to catch up. Boots Evans, a vigorous, attractive woman who runs the Trading Post curio shop, and who meets all incoming cruise ships with a banner saying "Hi, Y'All" because Ketchikan is in southern Alaska, accompanied me on a tour of the waterfront that afternoon, bemoaning such signs of progress as the paving of sidewalks and streets. A few plank streets remain, and everywhere there are winding wooden stairways running up from the main street to the little houses above the harbor.

As the sun came out and the temperature climbed somewhere toward 60 or above, Boots and her fellow citizens we met along the way greeted the atmospheric change as though it were something heaven-sent. Even the Mayor, Bill Hamilton, who was on the way down to his fishing boat, seemed a little dazed. "We get one hundred eighty inches a year," he said. "If you can stand the rain, Ketchikan is a pretty great place. How wet is it? Well, Portland's a desert by comparison." Hamilton, who is also a high school social studies teacher, spends most of the summer out on his commercial salmon boat, coming in every other week for council meetings.

Like most of the Alaskans you meet, he is not native; typically, he came up from Los Angeles after high school to work in a mine—and stayed. "I'll tell you, you have to be a little strange to stick it out here," he said. "We got people walking around here who'd be on the funny farm down in the States."

Most of Ketchikan's business community and just about everyone off the cruise ships gets to the Frontier Bar, whose floor is covered with sawdust, walls are hung with hunting and fishing paraphernalia, and drinks are served by a veteran barmaid with a garter on her thigh. Later that evening, the sun now refusing to hide, we ate dinner at the Narrows, a simple but commodious restaurant on the water a mile and a half out of town, which will fetch patrons in a courtesy car. One of the specialties, at the Narrows and all over southeast Alaska, is fried halibut cheeks, a tender morsel that Norwegian fishermen reportedly taught the locals to harvest and appreciate. One of the oddities to me about dining at Alaska restaurants is the almost non-existent choice of dessert. This menu offered only a parfait; most places pour only coffee after dinner.

Next morning, down at the Alaska Airlines float, I climbed into a Grumman Goose and prepared to lift off for Annette Island for a connecting Western flight to Juneau. There was a loud thrumming sound, and I looked out to see a smiling attendant playing the struts like a bass violin.

Behind me in the cargo section there was a chocolate birthday cake addressed, by its Ketchikan sender, to an Army PFC abroad, and covered only by a thin sheet of cellophane. It hardly looked well enough wrapped to survive a car ride home from the bakery, and here it was about to travel halfway around the world. As Mayor Hamilton says, you have to be a little strange.

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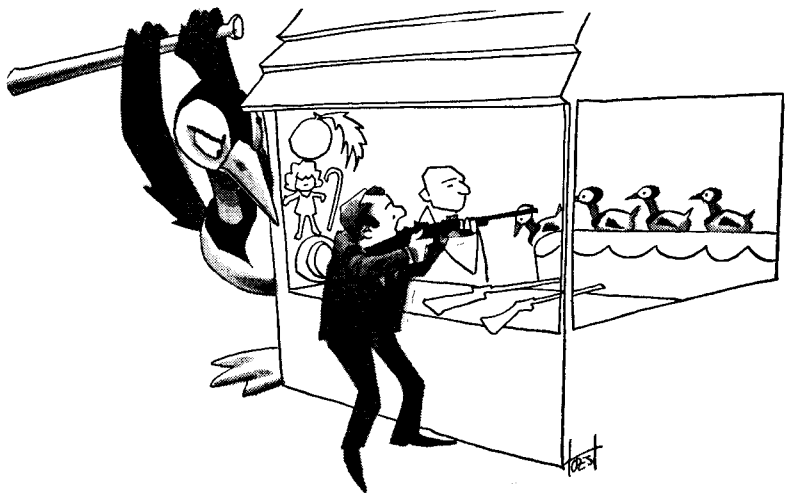

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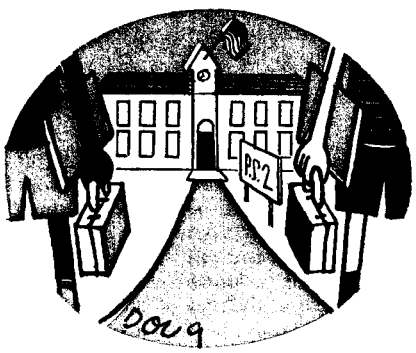

How Much Progress Is Enough?

The longest step toward full desegregation of the public schools in the South since the 1954-55 Supreme Court decisions was taken in the past two years, according to a survey released last month by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW). Comparing racial and ethnic enrollment on a state-by-state basis for the school years 1968-69 and 1970-71, the survey also reports that during the same period segregation increased in the schools of the North and the West, especially in large city school systems.

According to the HEW survey, the percentage of blacks enrolled in schools with a majority of whites more than doubled in the eleven states of the South, up from 18 per cent in the fall of 1968 to 39 per cent in the fall of 1970. Tennessee and Virginia increased the number of black students in majority white schools one-and-a-half times, and Texas did almost as well; the percentages doubled in Arkansas, Florida, and North Carolina; tripled in Georgia and South Carolina; quadrupled in Louisiana and Alabama; and increased fivefold in Mississippi.

On the other side of the picture, in the eleven-state South, the number of black students attending 100 per cent black schools dropped from 68 per cent in 1968 to 14 per cent in 1970, and during the same period the number of blacks enrolled in 80 to 100 per cent black schools dropped from 79 per cent to 39 per cent.

Assuming that the reported data are relatively accurate—and there are those who would challenge that assumption—it is ironic that so much progress has been made under an administration that set out deliberately to cool enthusiasm for federal enforcement. In place of executive demands for compliance with federal integration guidelines, backed by the threat of withholding federal funds, the administration opted for referral of cases to the Department of Justice so that the onus for enforcement of the law would be shifted to the courts. This move proved unexpectedly efficient, however. The courts continued to demand strict compliance with the law, and the number of legal dodges to which school systems could resort had run out. And a powerful new weapon for enforcement was forged when the Supreme Court handed down its strong decision on busing last April. Now it is generally assumed that a new round of court-ordered integration in both the rural and the urban South will take place in the fall.

Meanwhile, however, segregation of minority students continues to increase in the large cities of the North and the West. De facto segregation in the schools, based on housing patterns, has proved far more resistent to legal challenge than the clearly un-Constitutional dual systems of the South.

There is, to be sure, some movement in the North and West that may presage better things to come. Last month the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination, a state agency, directed the Boston school system to end racial imbalance in the city's public schools by September 1972. Earlier in the month the San Francisco Board of Education adopted a plan for fully integrating that city's 100 elementary schools. And the Pennsylvania Human Relations Commission ordered the public schools in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh to eliminate racial imbalance by 1974. Each of these school districts faces strong opposition to implementation of official orders and programs, including, in at least some cases, resistance from the minority groups themselves.

The HEW survey of progress in the South, as well as these and other moves toward integration in the North, seems to indicate that we have come a long way toward equality of educational opportunity. But what they really provide is a measure of how far we still have to go. —J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Why Students Want Their Rights

NAT HENTOFF's article "Why Students Want Their Constitutional Rights Now" [*SR*, May 22] gives no clue that the assertion and exercise of rights imply accountability. Children entering high school are not just small or young adults. They are not responsible; this is reflected in our laws generally. The educational process should give them knowledge and teach them obedience and self-control. A teacher who is not supreme in the classroom is ineffectual and in trouble. The administrator who assumes that the children will exercise responsibility at an adult level is asking for catastrophe. A necessary part of human maturation is the exertion of pressure against authority; that is, rebellion. Firmness is the appropriate response. For an adult group to insist that the school authority accord this pupil rebellion the dignity of adult disagreement is to undermine our educational process. In terms of discipline, discretion, perspective, knowledge, even consideration, the pupil is not the peer of the teacher; not by about thirty years.

Finally, "It was like a prison." Just so! Ideally, the best prison *is* a school. And for the same reason. The internees or pupils are not responsible adults, and are there to learn, to develop, to grow into responsible citizens.

JOHN E. FELLOWS,
Pleasant Valley, N.Y.

THE RECENT ARTICLE by Nat Hentoff amused me and at the same time disturbed me, because the entire theme was based on a false premise. The truth is, pupils through high school are children. They are protected by law from physical or mental abuse, just as they are in the home. But they have no more legal or Constitutional right to dictate the rules and direct the management of the school than they have to defy their parents as to dress or late hours.

MRS. ERNEST MCCULLOUGH,
Olean, N.Y.

I WANT to commend *SR* for the recent article by Nat Hentoff. Presently, I am teaching in the state of Virginia in a school system that permits and often encourages "paddling" as a disciplinary measure. I agree with the author that the continuing use of the paddle—and similar weapons—by school administrators and teachers serves to teach violence as a "solution" to problems. I have refused and will refuse this kind of method to reach and teach children. I hope that Nat Hentoff's article in some way will be instrumental in abolishing all forms of corporal punishment in the schools of all forty-nine states where it is now permitted.

CHERYL LANE RYAN,
Lexington, Va.

IS THIS REVOLUTIONARY Nat Hentoff really serious about his bill of rights for immature high school kids? He couldn't be.

His philosophy might very well be transferred to the home situation, in which case a child of mine, presenting me with a bill of rights, would get booted out of the house on his ass—until he reached his legal majority.

Why don't we wake up? They are setting fire to teachers; raping them; assaulting them with chairs, tables, and brass knuckles. Hentoff's is a disgusting and irresponsible article.

NEIL R. GAHAGAN,
White Plains, N.Y.

I SIMPLY could not contain myself after reading *SR*'s recent issue on students' rights. As a college student of one year and former high school activist in a tiny Nebraska town, I offer strong congratulations to a magazine that has consistently reported on the exciting changes and experiments within and without the conventional education system in the United States. The really beautiful thing is *SR*'s clear-sighted recognition of the nature of the changes needed in education—not the new movable desks and walls, the lack of dress codes, or the infuriated actions of students who dare to feel that they are individuals entitled to their Constitutional rights; but instead, a whole new philosophy, the redefining of teacher and student roles, a different attitude toward authority and values of right and wrong, and an awareness that the student needs not just facts and figures but *first of all* a way to approach things he doesn't know about.

KRISTIN JOHNSON,
Blair, Neb.

Deschooling Culture

IVAN ILLICH in "The Alternative to Schooling" [*SR*, June 19] proposes taking knowledge off the market as a commodity. The early progressives also sought to simplify the educational process, but in order to do so they argued for a professionalization of teaching through a science of education and for compulsory school attendance as a way of ensuring equality of opportunity. In opposing professionalization of education and compulsory attendance, on the grounds that these are undue restrictions of civil liberties, Illich makes an interesting departure. He does not deal with the possible civil right of literacy (in all media), which may be the prerequisite of written civil liberties. Moreover, he opposes the "technological ethos" in all human endeavors because of its monopolistic power of "knowledge-capitalism." He believes technology in all fields must be used to simplify itself into human terms. The early progressives believed education must also be simplified and translated into human terms, but they realized it would first require a sophisticated educational technology to do so. There is some question whether education, as a science, has reached the level of sophistication found in the industrial sector. To dismantle the education industry before it has gone much beyond the "alchemist" stage of science might be analogous to simplifying the scientific enterprise before Newton.

JACK KENAGY CAMPBELL,
Associate Professor of Education,
Texas A&M University,
College Station, Tex.

HOW CAN the ideas of Ivan Illich be applied today, tomorrow, or in the near future, given our present society? Take for instance his proposal: "If a person is to grow up, he needs, first of all, access to things, to places, and to processes, to events and to records." Present owners of things, places, processes, and facts are not going to make these freely available unless it is profitable.

The public schools today are having limited success, but saying that they are a complete failure is going too far. In a healthy society, schools and schooling would enjoy much more success. How many students would "cop out" or drop out if the political, social, and economic climate were geared to making life agreeable and worthwhile?

To be constructive today in the field of education means to be foremost in stopping the men who are chopping away at the public schools with all sorts of sharpened axes.

DAVID PERLOFF,
Philadelphia, Pa.

IT IS a source of wonderment that you should feature an article like Ivan Illich's.

Twenty-three years of teaching experience should have enabled me to grasp, at least in part, the anfractuous nomenclature and devious reasoning of the author. But I must admit that the writing emerges as a prolix exercise in futility. The rambling references to the "social structure," "bureaucratic politics," and "technocratic restraint" become unintelligible.

As for the conclusion that "the certification of teachers now constitutes an undue restraint on the right to free speech," this can be regarded as not merely an affront to our profession but a misguided invitation to chaos.

N. R. FEIGIN,
New York, N.Y.

IVAN ILLICH has struck a chord, but it won't reverberate very far, I think, because the rich will be amused by his thesis, the middle class will be disturbed by it, and the poor (in the United States mostly) will be downright frightened by it. All because the idea of schooling is simply too ingrained in American culture.

T. MITCHELL,
Chicago, Ill.

THREE *SR* authors have received All-America Awards from the Educational Press Association of America for feature articles published during 1970. They are Associate Education Editor Bonnie Barrett Stretch for "The Rise of the 'Free School'" (*SR*, June 20), Elliott Carlson for "Education and Industry: Troubled Partnership" (*SR*, August 15), and Wallace Roberts for "No Place to Grow" (*SR*, March 21).

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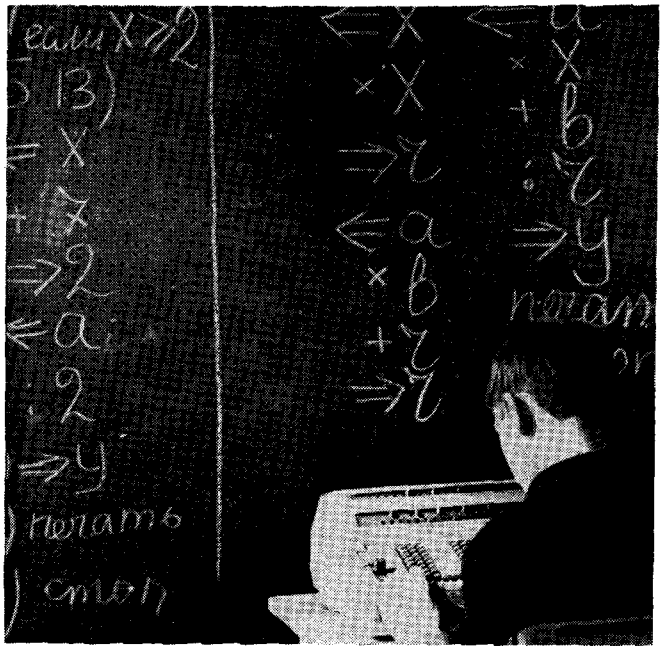

—Photos by Tass from Sovfoto

From abacus to computer—"It is difficult for Americans to think of a country that can stage space extravaganzas as being underdeveloped in many respects, but that is the paradox of the Soviet system."

SOVIET SCHOOLING: A QUIET REVOLUTION

by SUSAN JACOBY

Moscow.

When the Soviets' first Sputnik jolted America's smug assumption of unquestioned superiority in world science, we were quick to cast their public schools as the villain. The extreme "what-Ivan-knows-that-Johnny-doesn't" reaction of the late 1950s has now receded, but many Americans still tend to imagine the Soviet educational system as a highly centralized, thoroughly disciplined machine that runs smoothly from kindergarten through college.

The Russian educational system—like every public institution in the Soviet Union—is centralized and is financed to a large extent by the government in Moscow. The schools in Leningrad will never shut down because angry local taxpayers refuse to pass a bond issue. But administrative centralization does not guarantee uniformity beyond a minimum set of standards.

The Soviet school system works well in some parts of the nation and badly in others; schools within the same section of a city can vary considerably in quality, depending mainly on the caliber of the principal and teachers. Soviet schools produce a large number of dropouts along with future scientists. They have not solved the problem of how to provide equal educational opportunity for people from different economic and social classes. In short, Soviet and American schools have more in common—in both their failures and successes—than many observers imagine.

Both school systems must meet the needs of huge, diverse nations, and both are bound by a professed credo of educational opportunity for all citizens. In their public commitment to the broadest possible educational opportunity, Soviet and American schools have more in common with each other than with the schools of many Western European nations. The Soviet Union and the United States also share a huge gap between the principle of equal educational opportunity and the reality of unequal education. This gap is naturally better documented in the United States, where reformist and radical educational critics have their say in print; the Soviet equivalent of Herbert Kohl or Paul Goodman or Charles Silberman may exist, but his books could never be officially published.

The common problems of Soviet and American education do not detract, however, from certain fundamental differences between the two systems. Highly divergent goals in the political and social education of children have been noted and analyzed by many observers. A less noticed but equally important difference is the fact that Soviet schools must meet the educational and employment demands of what can only be classified as a "developing nation" in comparison to the United States. It is difficult for Americans to think of a country that can stage space extravaganzas as being underdeveloped in many respects, but that is the paradox of the Soviet economic and political systems.

Russian school children learn basic arithmetic on abacuses because purchases in most stores are added on abacuses rather than cash registers; the abacus is also widely used for bookkeeping chores that are computerized in the West. Manual labor is still a

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SUSAN JACOBY lived in Moscow with her husband from August 1969 to May 1971. She is on leave from *The Washington Post*, for which she covered education and urban affairs.

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vital factor in the Soviet economy, particularly in agriculture. According to the 1970 census, 44 per cent of the Soviet population lives in rural areas. A smaller farm labor force cannot feed the nation because agricultural mechanization is so far behind that of Western countries. Russian education must be viewed within the framework of a society that is industrialized but only partially mechanized and automated. Computerization is in its infancy.

Soviet education in the 1970s is in a state of transition that is integrally related to changes in the economy. The three major developments affecting Russian schools are:

- General democratization of education—enrollment of more children in more classrooms for a longer period of time.

- A drive to provide equal educational opportunity for students in rural and urban schools.

- Curriculum reforms designed to narrow the gap between modern science and what youngsters learn in school. The reforms suggest that children must be taught to think rather than simply to memorize.

The Soviet educational system has always been democratic in the sense that universal literacy was its first basic goal after the Bolshevik Revolution; the schools also tried to inculcate rudimentary academic skills in all subjects on the same mass basis. At least 75 per cent of the population of Czarist Russia was illiterate, according to both Soviet and Western estimates. The Soviets boast that they have achieved virtually 100 per cent literacy. While the claim is undoubtedly somewhat exaggerated, there is no doubt that Soviet rule has transformed Russia from a largely illiterate society to a largely literate one.

Beyond the level of basic literacy, however, the Soviet educational system became one of the most elite in the world under Joseph Stalin's dictatorship. Beginning in the fourth grade (at age ten), each child was usually required to pass a dreaded examination at the end of each year in order to continue his schooling. The elitist nature of the old Soviet school system is revealed in educational statistics from last year's census: Less than half of the total Soviet population above age ten has any education beyond seventh grade. Only 18.7 per cent have completed secondary school; 4.2 per cent are college graduates.

Thus, the science that launched the first Sputnik in 1957 was the product of an educational system that provided top-notch schooling for a tiny minority but little beyond basic literacy for the vast majority.

The Soviet educational picture has changed enormously since Stalin's death in 1953. The basic decision to democratize education was made during the Khrushchev years. Examinations that barred ten-, eleven-, and twelve-year-olds from further schooling were abolished; universal eight-year education was decreed in 1958. Universal ten-year schooling was set as a goal for the 1966-70 Five-Year Plan; it is now the norm in cities but has not been achieved in many rural areas. Extension of ten-year schooling to all parts of the nation has again been cited as a goal for the 1970-75 plan.

Ordinary Soviet schools are usually organized with ten grades in the same building. Children enter first grade at age seven. The first three grades are considered primary school, and grades four through ten are called middle school. There are also special vocational and technical schools for ninth- and tenth-graders. One school principal told me she was convinced that an eleventh and twelfth grade will eventually be added to the curriculum for college preparatory students. Under the old eight-year system, students who were planning to enter college always completed two additional grades.

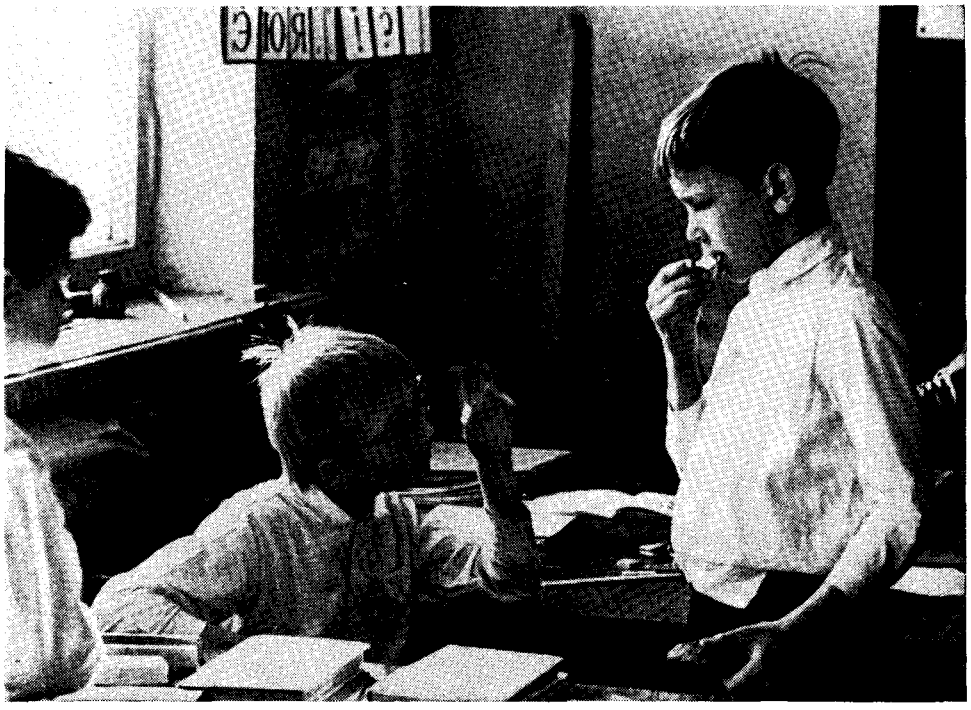
Over forty-nine million children are now enrolled in Soviet elementary and secondary schools. The number of secondary school graduates has multiplied seven times since 1951.

But the democratization of secondary education has created an extremely serious problem that has become a controversy even in the official press. Many Russian youths have now received just enough schooling to want jobs they cannot possibly obtain without a higher education. Yet, during the period when secondary school graduates increased sevenfold, the number of places in higher educational institutions only doubled.

"I don't know how this will be resolved," one teacher said candidly "This desire for higher education is almost irresistible, even on the part of students who are really not qualified for an academic high school. These students—and their parents—have hopes that simply cannot be realized at our present stage of economic development."

Soviet planners do not want to create a large surplus of university graduates qualified for jobs the country cannot provide—a situation that troubles many smaller nations with developing economies. The Soviets would rather have employed high school graduates who are frustrated because they cannot enter a university than college graduates who cannot find a job. "What happens to our need for factory workers if everyone enters a university?" asked one principal. In the long run, however, the desire for expanded higher educational opportunities will probably prove just as irresistible as the desire for expanded secondary education. The major unanswered question is whether the economy will develop fast enough to meet the rising expectations of young people and their parents.

The general democratization of edu-



"The thrust of the new curriculum reforms is that children should learn by thinking rather than by rote memorization."

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cation is related to a second serious issue confronting Russian schools: equality of opportunity for children in rural and urban areas. The disparity between the quality of education in Soviet cities and that in rural regions is as wide—and as detrimental to the nation as a whole—as the gap between suburban and city schools in the United States. In the Soviet Union, the city child enjoys substantial educational advantages over youngsters growing up on collective farms or in small villages.

Foreigners usually are not allowed to visit rural schools, but the magnitude of the problem is revealed by the continual attention rural education receives in the Soviet press.

More than two-thirds of the nation's high school graduates come from cities, although nearly 45 per cent of the population still lives in rural areas. No precise figures on the dropout rate are available in official publications, but it is generally admitted that the rate is considerably higher on farms than in cities. One recent graduate of a teacher training institute spent two years teaching in a village school before she returned to Moscow. "I would say that half the class had dropped out by sixth or seventh grade," she told me.

Many rural students study in one-room schools—the equivalent of the "little red schoolhouse" that has now passed from the American scene. The Soviet government is now consolidating small rural schools in much the same fashion that American rural school districts joined together to improve education in the 1920s, '30s, and '40s. Sometimes, over the fierce objections of parents who prefer a "neighborhood school," Russian farm children are bused to centrally located, larger buildings that can provide a range of subjects impossible in a one-room schoolhouse.

But the quality of teaching in rural schools is a problem much less amenable to solution than the consolidation of buildings. All new graduates of Soviet teacher training institutes are required to teach at least two years in an area to which they are assigned by the government. As soon as they have paid their debt to the state, the vast majority return to the cities.

A lengthy study of the Novosibirsk *oblast* (region) of Siberia provides a guide to the comparative experience and education of urban and rural teachers. The region includes many farms and tiny villages as well as a city of more than one million. More than two-thirds of the city teachers started their careers in rural areas; half of the total urban teaching staff had remained in the rural schools less than three years. More than 65 per cent

(*Continued on page* 56)

Two Schools in Moscow

Moscow Schools 607 and 711 are both ordinary ten-grade schools housed in pre-war buildings, but the difference between them strikes a visitor from the moment he enters the front door.

School 607 is a friendly place in which students, teachers, and administrators greet each other cheerfully and do not appear to be wary of each other. There seems to be an unusual amount of smiling, both inside and outside the classrooms, for a large urban school.

The bouncy sixty-two-year-old principal, Isaac Borisovich Piratsky, is a wonder of wonders among school administrators—he is enthusiastic about changes despite his twenty-two years in the school system. That is undoubtedly why the Ministry of Education sends foreign visitors to School 607. It has been a center for many experiments during the past twenty years and was one of the pilot schools when the new science curriculum was introduced in Moscow.

"Why should we teach the way we did when I became a principal after the war?" he asks. "The seven-year-olds today know more about science than the fourteen-year-olds did in 1950. We have to change."

When asked about the practical results of curriculum reforms in the classrooms, Piratsky quickly deferred to a teacher. Instead of whisking foreign visitors on a stiff guided tour, he encouraged them to pick classes that interested them and to listen to the lessons. Classroom organization was traditional, but discipline was not rigid; the halls were noisy and lively but not rowdy.

School 607 is now teaching every subject, with the exception of foreign languages, according to the new curriculum. Foreign language instruction begins in second grade because parents want it. They pay one ruble, fifty kopecks a month ($1.66 at the official rate of exchange) to have their children begin studying a second language in the second grade rather than the fifth grade.

Teaching foreign languages according to the new curriculum requires language laboratories with earphones and tapes. While School 607 has a reform-minded staff, it does not have the most modern equipment in Moscow. But Piratsky and his staff prove that equipment is not the most important factor in operating a good school.

In School 711, one immediately senses a stiff relationship between students and faculty and between the teachers and their principal. Everyone's manner is exceedingly formal, as though foreign guests would react negatively to any supposed lapse in decorum.

The Education Ministry goofed in sending foreigners to this school. The principal and teachers seemed surprised and disinterested when questions were raised about the new curriculum—a subject that had been prominent in the Soviet press for months.

"First they said the transition to the new curriculum had to be completed by 1975," said the principal. "Now a new directive says 1973. We'll see . . . lots of directives come from the top." Only one of the school's third-grade classes was studying according to the new curriculum during the 1970-71 school year; the first- and second-grade program had not changed at all. Physics was the only subject in which the transition to the new curriculum had been made for older students.

Every time a question was addressed to a teacher, the principal interrupted. A tour of the school was precisely arranged; five minutes were allotted to observe each class. The lessons had obviously been prepared and memorized for visitors; a small boy's arm trembled as I sat down next to him to follow the story the class was reading aloud. "Don't be afraid," I whispered. "I'm afraid I'll get a word wrong," he whispered back.

Classroom discipline was rigid, with the younger children sitting like tiny statues, their hands folded in a precise position. Interestingly, discipline in the halls was much worse than at School 607. Students screamed, skidded, wrestled, and threw things at each other at each change of class, as though they had been let out of prison.

My husband and I visited School 607 alone; the visit to School 711 was made with a ladies' tour group. After the visit, one woman turned to me and said, "If that's Soviet education, I'm not impressed." I replied, "It's only part of the picture. I saw a great school last week."

"You mean their schools are as different as ours?" she asked.

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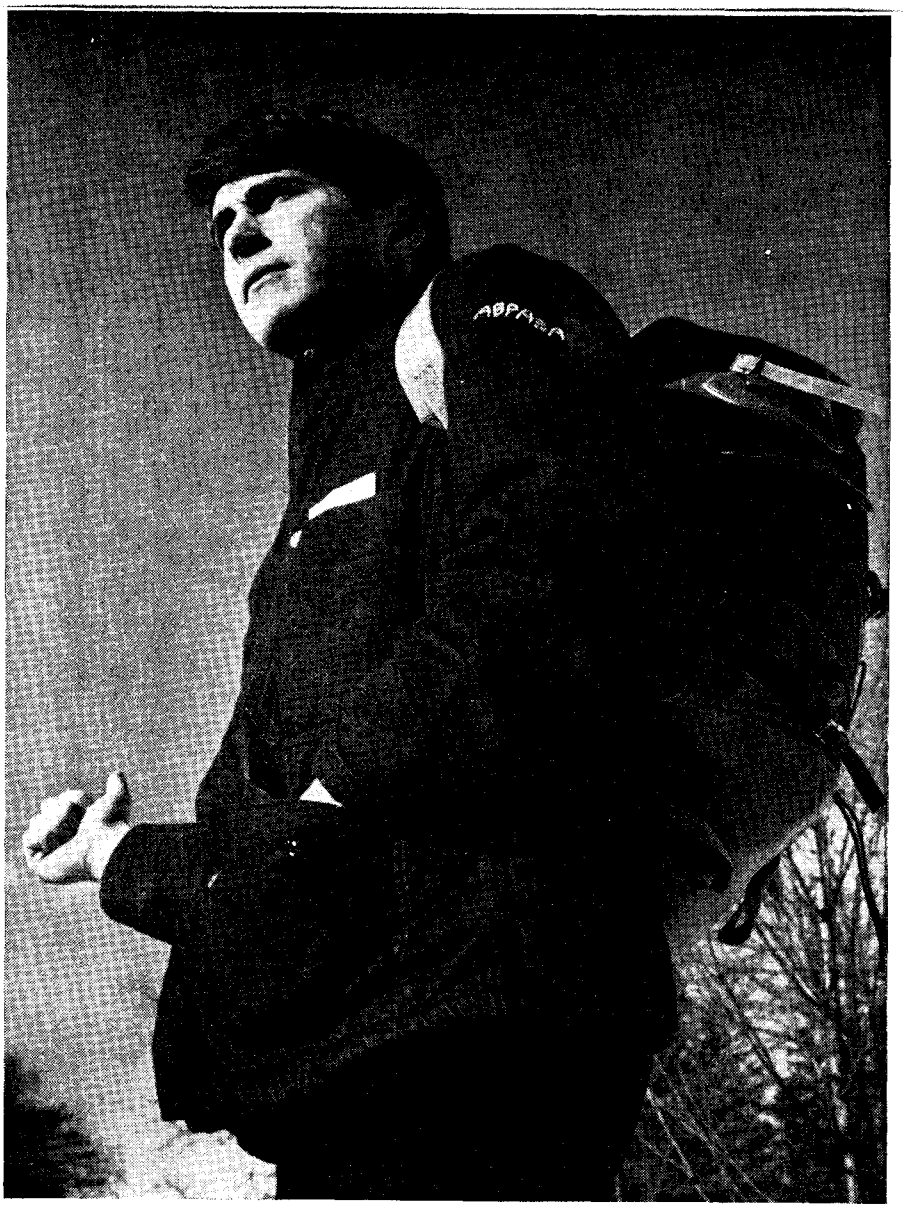
THE BIG MOVE TO NON-CAMPUS COLLEGES



—Clemens Kalischer (Hampshire College)

by ERNEST L. BOYER and GEORGE C. KELLER

In this financially alarming but comparatively strife-free year for American colleges and universities, perhaps the single most dramatic development has been the announcement of several plans to enable students to earn academic credits and even college degrees without having to live on a campus, or even attend classes there.

The new plans have propellants within them that could trigger one of the most significant shifts in the structure of American higher education since the introduction of large-scale, federally financed research during World War II. Phrased in the muffling jargon of educational prose the new proposals may not appear radical, but they do share certain broad assumptions about what higher education really is all about.

For years, the word "college" has to most Americans meant four uninterrupted years in one institution, in a place removed from the diversions of ordinary life. It conjures up nostalgic memories of classroom lectures, fraternity and sorority parties, glee clubs, football weekends, hectic final exams, term papers, trips home for the holidays, beery bull sessions, and romance beside the Virginia creeper. More recently it has also meant protest marches, extracurricular volunteer work, and rock concerts with Joe Cocker or Sly and the Family Stone. In short, it has been the physical and social aspects of campus life that have traditionally defined "going to college."

Central to most of the new non-campus programs, however, is the assumption that the fundamental process of acquiring a college education need not be dependent upon the familiar campus setting. Not where or for how long a student goes to college, but what actually happens to him intellectually during his collegiate years is what counts. Many innovators believe that the preoccupation with the physical and social context of higher education has obscured the more crucial questions, which concern what is happening inside the student's head.

A second, and closely related, assumption is that the parietal element in higher education has been far too heavily emphasized. Too many colleges still implicitly operate on the premise that they are dealing with reluctant, lazy children who must be continually prodded and threatened if they are to learn anything. The process of higher education too often has borne disturbing similarities to the force feeding of geese destined to contribute to the world's supply of *pâté de foie gras*. While explicit parietal rules and social regulations have been liberalized or abolished, the fundamental structure of college education has remained implicitly coercive.

The new assumption is that the individual's own motivation, his desire to learn and to grow, should play a more central role in the formulation of educational policy. Ideally, the acquisition of a college education should represent a positive act of individual volition rather than passive acquiescence in an institution's routines and requirements. A closer approximation of this ideal is what the innovators are striving for.

In the conversation and writings of those responsible for the new proposals, one finds the conviction that genuine intellectual competence, and not some magic number of "years in residence" or "credit hours," should be

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the single most important criterion for the baccalaureate degree. What a person knows, not how many courses he has taken, should be the fundamental concern toward which all academic planning is directed.

The various off-campus and non-campus schemes that spring from these shared assumptions and concerns generally fall into four broad categories.

The first, and least radical, represents the continued development and extension of efforts that have long been made by many American colleges and universities to increase the opportunity for off-campus learning experiences within the broad framework of the traditional pattern of campus residency. For decades, undergraduates have enjoyed a "junior year abroad" or participated in various types of work-study interludes. The newer programs add such possibilities as a hitch in VISTA or a semester in a ghetto, a museum, or a specialized school, such as a dance studio. The programs may be quite highly structured, such as Chapman College's "World Campus Afloat," which offers undergraduates courses on a ship that travels around the globe with field trips ashore; or fairly loose, as at those institutions where gifted students are allowed as much as a year off to write a novel, study French literature, or pursue other special interests—all for academic credit.

These off-campus extensions of the curriculum are not without problems. For example, how many academic credits should a student receive for forty hours of tutoring migrant workers? And how does one maintain "quality control" and prevent a genuine, if unconventional, learning experience from degenerating into a merely frivolous and self-indulgent frittering away of time?

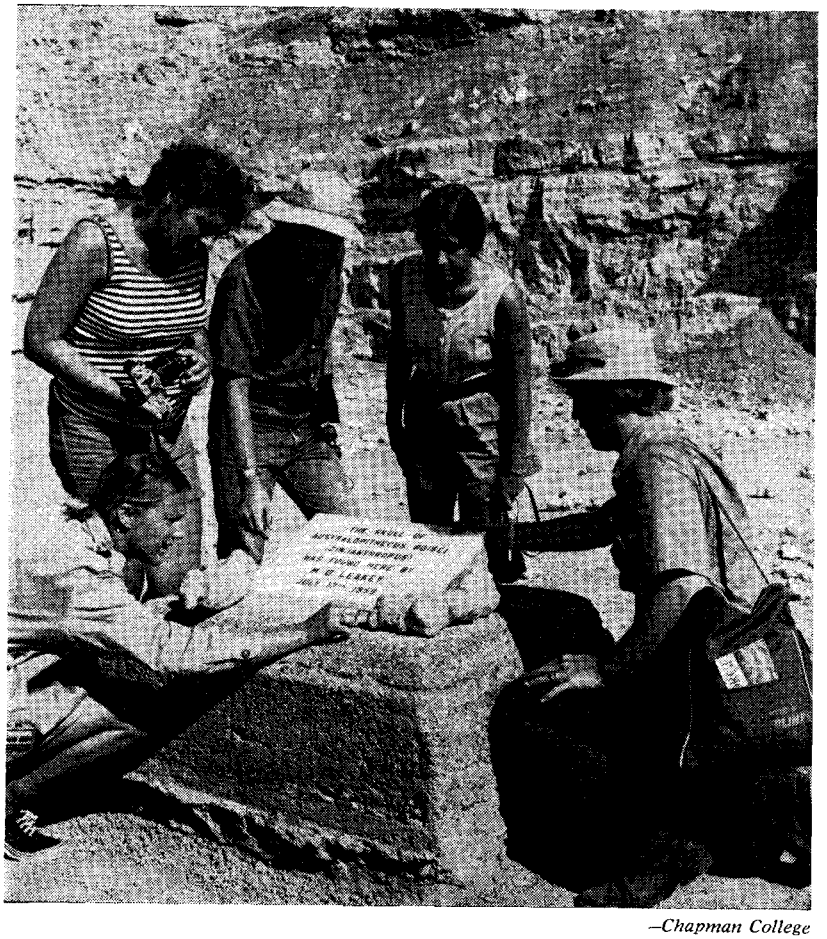
But far outweighing such practical difficulties is the fact that all such efforts represent a movement toward a concept of higher learning that is far more in tune with the conditions and opportunities of contemporary life—a concept which recognizes that we have erected too high a barrier between the campus and the real world "out there." For the proponents of such off-campus programs, the individual college campus remains an essential intellectual base, but it is also seen as only one element in a far broader educational environment—an environment that includes the ghetto, the threatened wilderness, the polluted lake, the industrial laboratory, the social service agency, the city halfway around the world.

A second category of off-campus plan, the largest and most familiar, is to permit conventional academic work to be done off-campus, often over a time period longer than the usual four years and often through programs designed chiefly for adults.

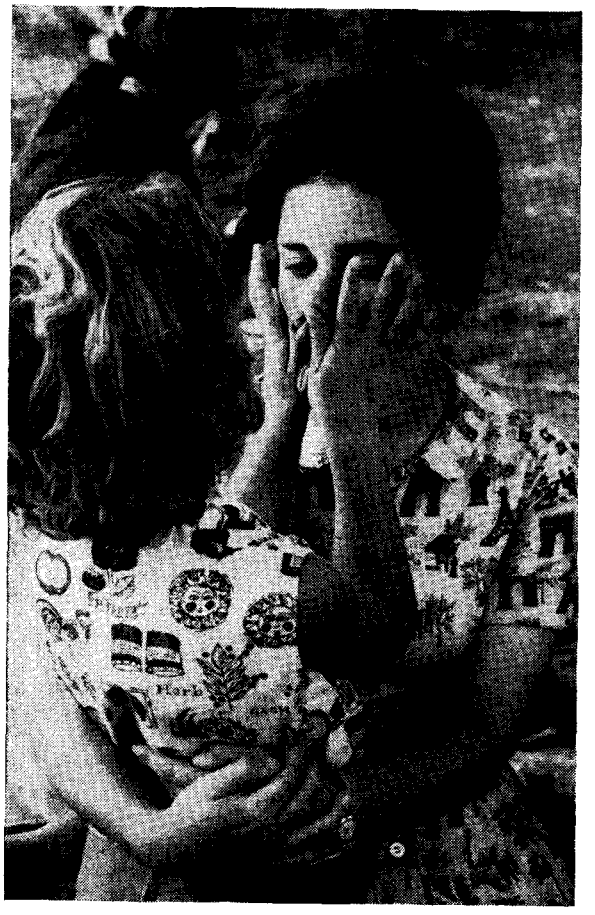
The prototype is the famous external-degree program of London University, which has for decades enabled students from Nigeria, Australia, the Bahamas, or India to work toward their degree in any manner they wish, and in any part of the world, so long as they passed the required examinations set by the university.

Since 1961 working adults from all over America, unable to take the time to live or attend classes on a campus, have been studying in the University of Oklahoma's pioneering B.A. program in liberal studies, which combines independent home study, correspondence work, and annual three-week residential seminars at the university. Recently Syracuse University, the University of South Florida, and the State University of New York at Brockport have established similar programs, sometimes supplemented by television and on-campus laboratory work in the sciences.

Two interesting new versions of these adult programs are Britain's "Open University" and the U.S. Navy's smaller program for "Afloat College Education." The Open University is



—Chapman College



—Bill Strode, Black Star

Chapman College's World Campus Afloat (left) and VISTA—opportunities for off-campus learning.

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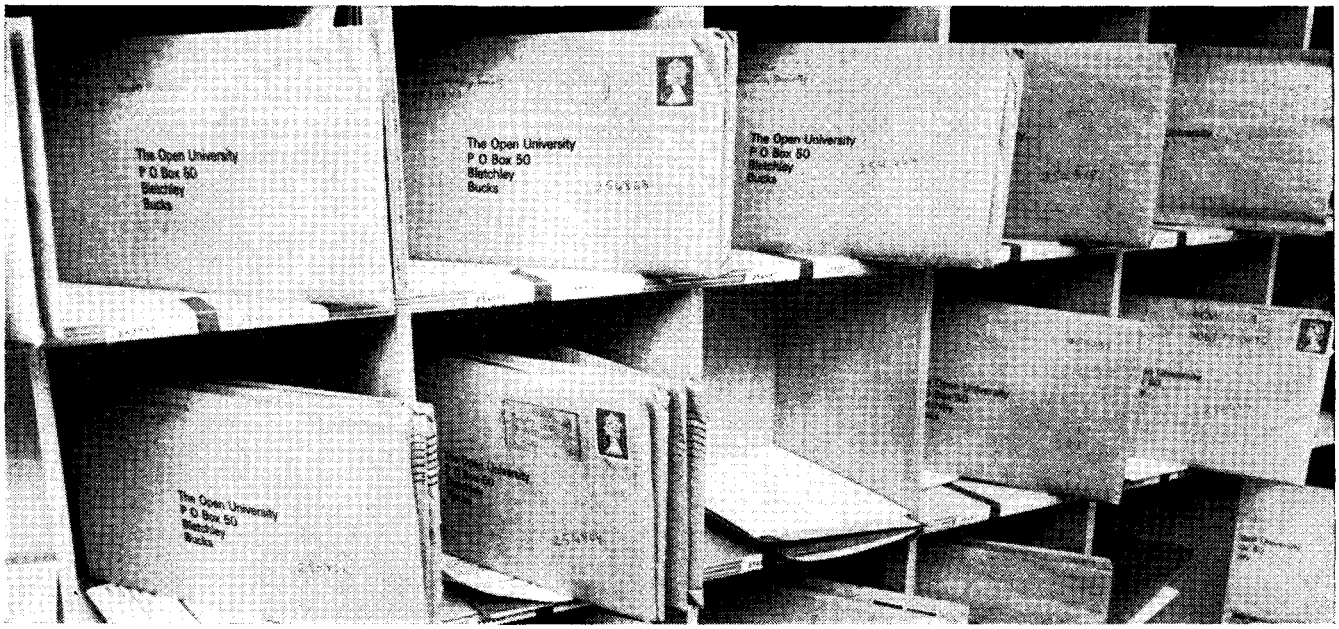

—Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency

Britain's Open University—"Thousands listen to radio lectures and go through the correspondence packets."

Britain's attempt to democratize its traditionally elitist university programs quickly, with limited resources. The hope is to allow vast numbers of housewives and other adults with jobs to earn academic degrees in three to six years at a total cost to the student of less than $1,000. Last January, coal miners and clerks, salesmen and schoolteachers began enrolling in the Open University. There are six degree programs: humanities, science, social studies, technology, education, and mathematics. Thousands are listening to radio lectures, going through correspondence course packets, watching television courses, and reading in local libraries in preparation for examinations they will take at one of the 250 local study centers, where they also meet with some of the 2,500 tutors and counselors who are acting as study assistants and advisers. They will also attend a week of summer school at one of the twelve regional centers or at one of England's established colleges.

In the U.S. Navy's program, ship crewmen can earn up to two years of college credit at one of five colleges (Harvard is among them) by passing examinations based on heavy on-board reading, mastery of filmed courses, and attendance at lectures and seminars conducted by professors who visit their ship while it is in port. Under this program, the Navy has even flown professors to remote bases in the antarctic.

The most unusual program in this category is the recently initiated "University Without Walls," whose founding father is Samuel Baskin, an imaginative professor of psychology at Antioch College in Ohio. Professor Baskin had been seeking support for his plan for several years before recently obtaining a U.S. Office of Education planning grant of $415,000 and a Ford Foundation grant of $400,000. What he envisions is an innovative educational program confined mainly to the campuses of nineteen cooperating institutions, including such diverse schools as the large University of Minnesota, the small Staten Island Community College, the University of South Carolina, the predominantly black Howard University, the Quaker Friends World College, and the Catholic Loretto Heights College.

Within each of these institutions, forty to one hundred interested students will pursue a distinct academic program with guidelines established by the University Without Walls, a kind of academic holding company with little in the way of formal staff or administrative bureaucracy. Part of the time these students may take conventional courses at their own colleges, but they may also move about to one or more of the cooperating colleges or universities; serve supervised internships in businesses, hospitals, or museums; or study independently with the aid of reading lists, televised lectures, records, and tapes. Professor Baskin's program clearly rejects the traditional concept of college education with its exclusive stress on single-campus residency, classroom lectures, and narrow departmental majors. It also widens our conventional notion of "the faculty" to include experts and talented individuals from the "outside world"—artists, businessmen, musicians, or government officials.

The third off-campus "category" is in reality a single program: the New York State Education Department's unique new external-degree program, through which the associate in arts and bachelor of business administration degrees will be awarded to anyone who passes a set of comprehensive examinations. (Unlike the "Open University" program, this will involve no actual instruction, simply the administering of examinations and the awarding of degrees.) This program, with the aid of a joint planning grant from the Carnegie Corporation and the Ford Foundation, will permit persons who have studied on their own, in whatever fashion, to receive a sheepskin without ever enrolling at a college, setting foot on a campus, or paying a penny in tuition.

This category may expand, though. At a recent meeting of the American Association for Higher Education in Chicago, Jack N. Arbolino, executive director of the Council on College-Level Examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board, proposed a "national university" that would, like the New York State Education Department, grant degrees to anyone in the nation who passed its degree examinations. The program that Mr. Arbolino heads already has made a small start in this direction by administering tests in two dozen different subjects, from American government to data processing, for which the student, upon passing one or more of them, may request academic credit from his college.

The fourth and last of these varied approaches to off-campus education is the State University of New York's new Empire State College, which is in the active planning stage. This experimental "college without a campus" (supported by a $1-million joint grant from the Carnegie Corporation and the Ford Foundation) will be similar in some respects to other programs we

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have described. It certainly owes much of its inspiration to innovations at other colleges, in other countries, and within the State University itself. But it also will have certain distinctive characteristics of its own. Unlike most external degree programs, for example, it will retain the opportunity for occasional on-campus study. It will encourage a close student-teacher relationship and will offer a wide variety of educational options to the student.

Because New York has placed all its public institutions of higher education under a central leadership, the State University is particularly well suited to undertake such an experimental venture. SUNY is actually a single entity made up of seventy separate institutions, including liberal arts colleges, specialized schools (in agriculture, forestry, engineering, etc.), community colleges, and four major universities. This means that New York already has in its State University a kind of multifaceted consortium of institutions with widely varied characteristics and resources.

The central idea of Empire State College is to create an academic program that will free the student of the restraints of residence on a single campus and make available to him the resources of the entire university system. A combination of home study, off-campus work-study experiences, educational films, cassettes, correspondence courses, and periods of study elsewhere in America or abroad will enlarge enormously the options open to each student. While some may elect to do half or two-thirds of their work in residence at one or more of the State University's institutions, others will spend most of their time studying off-campus. Time limits, too, will be freer. A college degree may be attained in two, three, four, or eight years, depending on the individual student's specific circumstances and individual capacity for academic work.

But Empire State College is not conceived as a "do-your-own-thing" institution. A small core faculty at a central headquarters, with resident tutors at twenty regional study centers to be set up around the state, will design and direct the programs, prepare the correspondence courses, approve each student's plan of study, and counsel with students by telephone, mail, and in periodic personal meetings. In short, the educational experience of the student will be guided and evaluated at every stage by trained and committed scholars. While the student will complete assigned papers, reports, and examinations, he will be largely freed of grade pressures (grading probably will be on a pass/fail basis) and of specific credit-hour requirements. He will be able to concentrate more on his own education and less on the requirements of a specific institution.

Implicit in the design of Empire State College are several notions—rooted in the more general educational assumptions mentioned earlier—that seem alarmingly simple to some and simply alarming to others:

1) Formal classroom instruction, while still important, is no longer the sole or even the principal means of acquiring information and ideas at the college level.

2) Given the present wide variety of students, the continuing explosion of knowledge, and the emergence of new fields of academic concern, the curriculum no longer should be the exclusive concern of the faculty. Responsibility for its design and content should be shared by faculty members and students.

3) Residency on a single college campus is no longer a requisite for quality education. (One-fifth of America's college students already study at more than one institution during their undergraduate careers.)

4) Four years, and certainly four consecutive years, are not an inviolate block of time essential to an undergraduate degree. Longer or shorter periods of study, possibly interrupted by other activities, do not damage—and may actually improve—the net effectiveness of collegiate study.

5) While frequent and intimate contact with mature scholars is vital to a good college education, no faculty member can any longer be regarded as simply a purveyor of factual knowledge, even in his field of specialization. Increasingly, professors must act not only as sources of information but as sensitive intellectual guides, as concerned questioners of personal and social actions and values, and as provocative stimulants urging students to discover their own capacity for critical and creative thought.

None of these assumptions, taken singly, is entirely new. But taken together, and taken seriously, they add up to a new vision of what the college experience can, and should, entail.

To some skeptics, all these new schemes for off-campus learning are chiefly the brainchildren of presidents, faculty committees, and foundation officials who, desperate about the present financial crisis in higher education, are blindly stabbing at ways to process more students for less money.

Undeniably, a search for economy is a factor in the development of the new programs. A resident college education next fall will cost parents about $4,500 a year at most of the nation's leading private colleges and universities, and close to $3,000 at many public colleges and universities. By 1980, the charges could be $8,000 and $5,000 respectively. To anyone seriously concerned about providing some form of higher education to every American who desires it and can benefit by it, the economic situation is patently serious. It is neither shameful nor contemptible to be searching for new modes of providing high-quality education at a lower cost.

But there are, we think, more fundamental and long-range reasons for the current interest in the radical restructuring of American higher education. These derive from quantitative and qualitative changes in American youth, in the character of American society, and in present trends within higher education itself.

Disgruntled souls who shake their heads and mutter that young people aren't what they used to be are, as a matter of fact, absolutely correct. Young people *have* changed appreciably, and not just in the more publicized and superficial ways.

Physically, young people are larger and healthier than they were fifty years ago. Girls and boys are about three inches taller and ten pounds heavier than they were in 1920, princi-

(*Continued on page* 58)

Ewald B. Nyquist, New York Education Commissioner (left), launched the state's external-degree program. Samuel Baskin fathered the University Without Walls.

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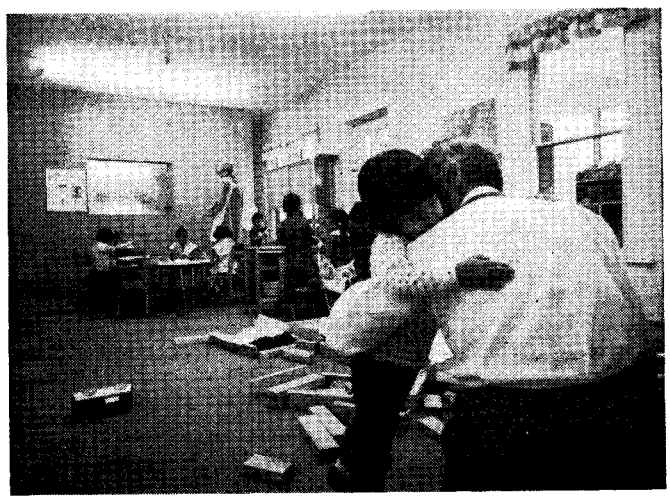
IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE THAT COUNTS

The day of the "educational palace" is fast fading. With the cost squeeze hitting all levels of the education scene, school administrators and architects are mainly concerned with the gut issue of what to do with the space inside—the learning space. They want it to work efficiently now and be adaptable for the changes in teaching methods that are sure to come.

Whether it is a new school building, a renovated department store, or a converted frame house, the setup of the interior space of a school becomes a team effort among the administrators concerned with costs, the teachers concerned with flexibility, and the architect who has to package the product in an esthetically pleasant way. (The photographs on these pages were taken for the Educational Facilities Laboratory.)

Photos and Text by GEORGE S. ZIMBEL

El Centro Community College in Dallas converted a downtown department store to a facility that combines the latest in educational technology with a comfortable and hip atmosphere for its urban student body.



The New Nursery School in Greeley, Colorado, used a converted frame house to handle two classes daily. The teaching area consists of the former living room and the dining area.

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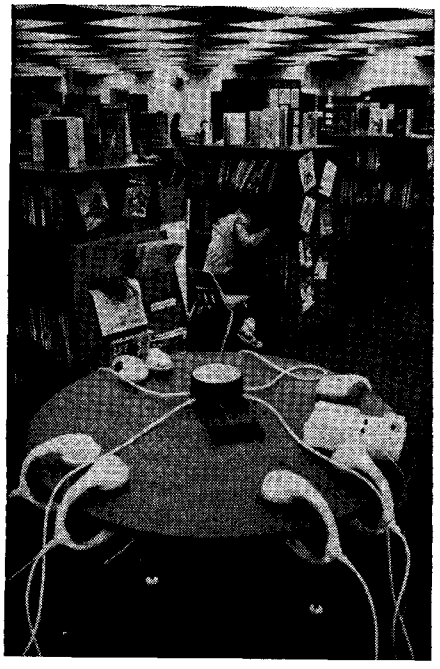
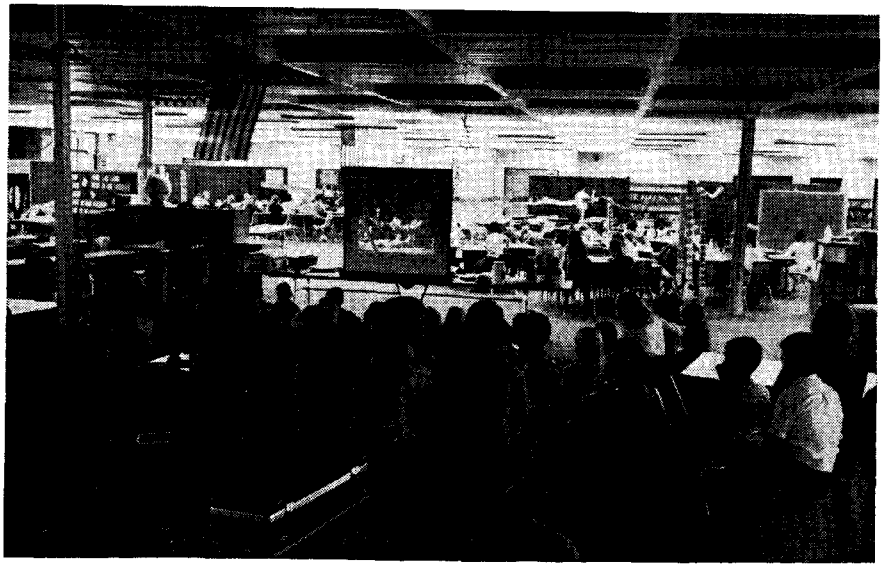
Hilltop Day Care Center in Roxbury, Massachusetts (above), uses the floors, walls, and ceiling of its storefront for instructional materials.

Stuart Hill Elementary School in Baltimore, Maryland (right), has carrels for students instead of rows of desks. Students work in small groups using carrels, or in large group areas with teachers. Furniture is easily moved to change layout of class areas. Community facilities are incorporated into the school and are open until 11 p.m. every evening.



Kirk Road School in Greece, New York (below and left), is a large open-plan elementary school with a central resource center and provision for use of audio-visual materials throughout the school.



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Schools Make News

—The United Federation of Teachers

Scores of cities are being forced to cut budgets drastically and lay off teachers.

Summer Budget Troubles

CAUGHT BETWEEN rising costs of union paychecks and irate taxpayers, school systems across the country are in vise-like financial straits. Scores of cities are being forced to lay off teachers, eliminate essential school services, increase class sizes, and in the process jeopardize teacher contracts, causing fears of union retaliation.

In California, where state aid to public schools has dropped from 50 to 35 per cent in recent years, two cities, Santa Ana and Anaheim, have held lotteries to determine which teachers would be laid off first this fall. Oakland has eliminated 197 classroom paraprofessionals. San Francisco teachers struck for two weeks this spring to halt a proposed cutback of 340 teachers. Cincinnati, Ohio, has fired 227 teachers and ninety-one administrators, supervisors, and paraprofessionals; 136 more teachers are on standby notice until next year's budget is decided.

Large central cities are perhaps the hardest hit by the budget crunch. Last month Philadelphia, with the nation's fourth largest school system, met two end-of-school payrolls, amounting to $13.5-million, only by persuading reluctant banks to issue interest-free loans for its 22,000-member teaching staff. The school system will repay the loans at the end of July and August. Faced with slowed revenue growth and higher wages won by the teachers' union last September, Philadelphia will enter the coming school year with a $60-million deficit. With only $302-million in dependable revenue and anticipated budget costs this year of $393.7-million, the board of education last month reported "agonizing" cuts, eliminating all paid activities beyond the school day, including varsity sports and yearbooks; cuts were also made in busing, medical care, administration staffing, and the cafeterias. The board is now appealing to the city council and state legislature for new funds to make up the $60-million balance. In trimming the budget, the board comes into conflict with its teachers contract. There are no funds, for example, to finance advanced study for teachers during the summer. Board officials are "not sanguine that we will be able to avert a strike."

New York City's new school budget is $75-million short of the amount needed to maintain essential services and programs. The Board of Education said in late June that meeting the deficit will mean the elimination of 5,700 teaching positions in elementary, junior high, and senior high schools, and about 500 jobs at central headquarters. Summer school programs are also being reduced: High school students will not be able to take advanced courses for earlier graduation as some 14,000 students did last summer. "This is less than an austerity budget," said new Board President Isaiah E. Robinson. "I shudder to think of the consequences."

Washington, D.C., is riding out one crisis at a time. Last month Superintendent of Schools Hugh J. Scott dumped the district's whole summer school program, involving 17,000 persons, except for seniors who needed to make up courses for graduation. A week later the school board directed Superintendent Scott to reinstate summer school, deciding to "gamble" on the chance of finding enough money for the regular school term. The school system originally requested a $155-million budget, but that amount has already been trimmed by the city council. In the fall, according to Scott, the school system may have to abolish 600 temporary teacher positions or retrench in other priority areas, such as providing reading and math specialists, special education, building maintenance, and staff development activities.

Wright and Clark—Dynamic Duo

WHEN U.S. Judge J. Skelly Wright recently ordered the Washington, D.C., school board to equalize per pupil expenditure throughout its districts, he not only set a new milestone for civil rights advocates but also gave a substantial boost to the wavering Clark plan for upgrading educational achievement in the D.C. public schools.

Wright's decision requires that by October 1 expenditures per pupil "shall not deviate by more than 5 per cent from the mean . . . at all elementary schools." At present, the judge declared, the area west of Rock Creek Park, where the school population is 74 per cent white, is "decidedly favored over the rest of the city, where the school population is 98 per cent black, and is especially favored over Anacostia, one of the most poor and black sections of the city." West of the park, for example, pupil/teacher ratio is 15 per cent lower than elsewhere in the city and 25 per cent lower than in Anacostia; teacher pay is 10 per cent higher than in other parts of the city and 12.5 per cent above Anacostia.

The order is the most stringent to date by a federal judge on the question of school spending, an issue that has replaced school integration among civil rights advocates in some big cities.

The D.C. school board threatened to appeal the decision, claiming compliance would require major shifts of pupils and of older, higher paid teachers and would not necessarily improve the quality of education. During the past month, however, the board has come to regard the ruling as an opportunity to revise its present salary plan, which rewards seniority instead of competence.

Higher pay for more effective teachers is a major proposal in the D.C. school plan submitted a year ago by Kenneth B. Clark and his Metropolitan Applied Research Center (MARC). The plan—one of the few to hold out hope for improving an urban, largely black system—proposed a "reading mobilization year" to bring student achievement up to grade level in reading and mathematics. It relied heavily on incentives and competition for both students and teachers.

The plan, despite endorsement by the school board, was severely undercut by teacher union opposition and equivocation on the part of the new

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D.C. superintendent, Hugh J. Scott. Last December, Clark resigned as consultant to the board, charging that Scott had "abandoned" the plan.

The Wright decision, however, may offer Clark's proposals new life by providing legal imperatives for revision of staffs and salaries. Scott has softened his resistance to certain aspects of the plan, and the school board has asked him to prepare specific steps for tying teacher pay to improvement in student performance. Board President Anita Allen hopes that the pay system can be altered by the fall of 1972. She said that this fall, however, shifts of teachers to equalize spending will have to be made on the basis of the current salary schedule.

Models for Day Care

DAY CARE, still a controversial concept, has come to the heart of the educational establishment. In the nation's capital the Office of Education (OE) and the National Education Association (NEA) have established model day-care centers for their employees, providing what they hope will be the best in early childhood programs. At the same time, the centers will provide a firsthand opportunity for research.

OE's center, which opened this month, hopes to be a showcase of day-care design and management, from which government agencies and private groups can learn. The center is mixed racially and socio-economically, with 60 per cent of the children coming from lower-income families. The center will combine custodial and nutritional care with creative play and education. An annual $100-million grant from the research arm of OE will enable the agency to see its pet theories in curriculum and staff training put into practice. Via closed-circuit television, visiting educators, unobserved, will be able to watch the children.

NEA's center is designed for much younger children: eighteen to thirty-six months. Its primary concern is with the language, cognitive, and physical development of youngsters—some of whom have not yet been toilet trained—in an environment away from home. A University of Maryland research group has proposed a study to find out if a child learns as well or better in a controlled center with group interaction than he does at home. The center is now small, enrolling only sixteen children, but it is expected to expand soon to sixty.

Notes

● NEW YORK STATE is offering a Spanish-language high school equivalency examination—the first in the country —for those deficient in English. The exam tests general Spanish expression and knowledge of Latin American, Puerto Rican, and U.S. affairs. Since its inception in February, more than 200 residents have received their high school diplomas through the program.

● The Agriculture Department last month notified big cities that it was $10.6-million short in funds for its summer lunch program for disadvantaged children. Agriculture officials had been encouraging cities to participate in the two-year-old program, but the total $26.6-million requested by the cities simply overwhelmed them. City officials had made extensive plans for the free food aid, which began July 1. Los Angeles, for example, had budgeted $5-million to feed 273,000 children each day during the summer. Officials feared that withdrawing the promised lunches might precipitate new ghetto crises.

● On July 1, Columbia University set up a "troika" system for governance, with two executive vice presidents working as key assistants to President William J. McGill. One will be in charge of academic affairs, the other will concentrate on administration, including preparation of the university's hard pressed budget.

● Multi-ethnic textbooks, depicting blacks, Spanish-Americans, Indians, and Orientals in a more favorable and realistic perspective, are gradually replacing Dick and Jane in the nation's classrooms. Schools in Detroit, New York, Washington, D.C., and the liberal suburbs have become major users of the books. Educational publishers report that the new texts are even beginning to penetrate the South: In Alabama a history book was rewritten last year to include Joe Louis, former heavyweight boxing champion, and three paragraphs on Martin Luther King and the civil rights movement; the book still, however, treats the Ku Klux Klan as public-spirited citizens.

If minorities are now getting better images, sex stereotypes in pre-school and elementary books persist. Critics are challenging such phrases as "boys invent things, girls use what boys invent" and "boys can eat, girls can cook." Moreover, they point out that the career roles described for women —teacher and nurse, never doctor or principal—make women out to be second-class citizens.

Tapping the Community

MANY public school teachers would like to use the resources of the community to expand learning in the classroom, but they seldom know how to locate them. Two cities, Teaneck, New Jersey, and Minneapolis, Minnesota, have established centralized offices to channel community people and services into the schools. Teaneck's Operation Community Talent and Minneapolis's Community Resource Volunteers maintain files on parents, businessmen, and professional people—any volunteer with something to share—and fill teachers' requests for classroom speakers, films, field trips, and tutorial help.

Teaneck's agency serves kindergarten through high school; Minneapolis's clearinghouse works with elementary schools. A teacher need only fill out a simple form or telephone a request; Operation Community Talent's two-man staff then locates the appropriate resource. Minneapolis supplies guidebooks to each elementary school from which teachers select speakers by subject; Community Resource Volunteers then makes all the arrangements. Both OCT and CRV evaluate each volunteer's performance for future use. Originally begun under Title III auspices, both agencies are now funded by the local school boards.

Volunteers enrich learning in many ways, in every conceivable subject. Textbook social studies come alive through conversation with a foreign visitor. In Teaneck the study of the human eye concluded with the visit of a blind teen-ager with her Seeing Eye dog. As adults participate in the classroom, occupations become real, hobbies interesting. The children visit the community, too: the courthouse, a hospital emergency room, a local historical site, an artist's studio.

OCT makes a specific effort to involve people of all ages. Senior citizens share local history; high school students tutor. Sixth-graders put on a puppet show; a ninth-grader demonstrates electricity. Local doctors discuss the human body; a lawyer defines justice. Not only do teachers and classes benefit, but the community develops a closer relationship with the schools and responsibility beyond paying bills.

Many community residents are willing to participate in the educational experience under official auspices. Agencies such as OCT and CRV may be an answer. Any community willing to designate one full-time person to staff a resource office may achieve similar benefits.

—GRACE W. WEINSTEIN.

Grace W. Weinstein is a free-lance writer from Teaneck, New Jersey, who specializes in education.

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To Reform the Academy

THE DEGRADATION OF THE ACADEMIC DOGMA: THE UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA 1945-1970

by Robert Nisbet

Basic Books, 252 pp., $6.95

HOW TO CHANGE COLLEGES: NOTES ON RADICAL REFORM

by Harold Taylor

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 180 pp., $4.95

CULTURE OUT OF ANARCHY: THE RECONSTRUCTION OF AMERICAN HIGHER LEARNING

by Judson Jerome

Herder and Herder, 330 pp., $9.50

Reviewed by Richard M. Ohmann

■ How should colleges and universities deal with student unrest and the other stresses that afflict them?

A: "They must restore legitimate authority, mainly that of the faculty, and enforce traditional, and proper, standards of intellectual achievement."

B: "Nonsense. That's what got us in trouble in the first place. Colleges must put aside rigidities of course, credit, test, grade, and the whole repressive machinery. Listen to students. Give them a voice in policy and control over their own education."

C: "You're both addressing yourselves to symptoms, not the disease. This is a sick society, and eruptions on the campus are a proper, though inarticulate, response to the war, white supremacy, insane consumerism, and inequality. Universities should join the struggle against these evils."

A & B: "That's no help, even if true. Colleges and universities are unsuited for the role of revolutionary agitators. They are places of learning."

How can colleges best serve society at large?

A: "They should recall their ancient mission of creating and transmitting knowledge. If they see teaching and scholarship as primary, they will shed the extraneous functions that have blurred their purpose and serve society in the only way that is appropriate for them—by educating those who have intellect and eagerness to learn."

B: "Yes, we should make learning the focus of our energies. But not in these old ways. We must free our curriculums and our students from dead assumptions. We must make the whole culture our classroom and open our classrooms to the whole culture. Colleges can best serve society by making themselves free, just, and available institutions."

C: "In different ways, A and B, your plans will confirm the unjust allocation of power in society at large. By making universities happier and better educational places and at the same time preserving their neutrality, you remove a source of fruitful tension while letting the real movers of society do as they please with our knowledge and our students. To serve the wider interests of society, we must set our forces directly against those of injustice and try to put knowledge and learning in the hands of the powerless."

B: "You are as authoritarian as A—you want to bend all of us to your purposes. A just society can't be created by unjust means."

A: "Shaping the university to humanitarian crusades is as much a perversion as shaping it to the needs of imperialism, and even more unrealistic."

These little dialogues render in crude and simplified form most of the substance of current academic deliberation. The always hearty flow of books about universities quickened further with the student uprisings of the middle and late Sixties and more recently with the philistine attacks of the Agnews and Reagans. But those bracing events have not added much to the store of attitudes we bring to bear in advocating change or to the circle of argument described above. Aside from the large number who say that universities should keep on doing what they are doing (only more of it), there are three basic positions: the academic conservative, represented by A; the academic radical, represented by B; and the political radical, represented by C. The books at hand are worth reading, but they do not take us out of the circle. Robert Nisbet (sociologist, formerly vice chancellor of the University of California, Riverside) offers a version of A, while Harold Taylor (former president of Sarah Lawrence) and Judson Jerome (teacher of English at the new Antioch Columbia) are spokesmen for B. For symmetry and as a reviewer's prerogative, I include C, which is closer to my own position.

Nisbet, to be sure, gives us a novel reading of academic history in support of his view. He holds that until World War II the university kept the underlying form and function it had acquired in the Middle Ages:

> The organization of the university into the two great divisions of faculty and students and into schools, colleges, and faculties; the pervading hierarchy . . .; the firm insistence upon faculty authority . . .; the profound conception of the university as an enclave of privilege and authority within the social order . . . with its correlative conceptions of academic freedom and tenure; the consecration of the university to teaching and scholarship within the learned disciplines. . . .

This institution fed on the "dogma" that knowledge in itself is important. The academic community was built around that dogma and around the clear function of discovering and teaching knowledge, with distinct lines of authority, with solidarity and self-respect, and with the special privileges Nisbet mentions.

Since 1945, we have seen in universities the "last reformation" of a medieval institution, knighthood and the church having proved somewhat less durable. Nisbet assigns blame for corruption and decline to the "higher capitalism": the intrusion by outside funding of project research; competition among faculty members for this largess; and the displacement by centers and institutes of the traditional departments. Most of us will find it easy to agree with Nisbet that traditional university values are unable to thrive in this scuffle of private enterprise.

But Nisbet's history is faulty. If we must have a myth of a professorial fall from grace, the date we should assign is around 1875, not 1945. For the great change in the American university happened not twenty-five but a hundred years ago. Institutions that bore the title before then were in fact little more than sectarian academies or finishing schools for gentlemen. They had been in decline for fifty years, lacking both the kind of function Nisbet honors and the kind that businessmen and legislators value. A series of important events changed this: the passage of the Morrill Act in 1862 and the subsequent founding of land-grant colleges; the institution of the elective system at Harvard; the granting of the first Ph.D. at Yale; the founding of Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Stanford, and the University of Chicago. By 1900, a new and still characteristic pattern was fully established, including a divi-

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sion between undergraduate and graduate schools; accommodation by the university of all types of professional training; departments and fields; all the apparatus of grades, credits, majors, and accompanying administrative bureaucracy; and the assumption that anyone en route to the elite regions of society would pass through college on the way. The grounds were laid then for the professionalism that has made the university an aggregate of competing interest groups, and for what Nisbet calls politicization. The university of 1900 bore little resemblance to that of 1800, much less that of 1400. By contrast, the only major changes since 1945 have been in scale and prosperity.

What brought the American university into being? That is a long story, naturally, but the short answer is the industrial system and its needs for knowledge and personnel. This being so, the prospects for Nisbet's solution —that the university return to its old function of quietly housing "the scholarly and scientific imagination"—are even more uncertain than he gloomily supposes.

The fact that universities are embedded in what Galbraith calls "the new industrial state" will make things tough for such innovators as Taylor and Jerome, too, but their many ideas seem worth trying. They want to hand over to students the responsibility for educating themselves. Faculty should be collaborators and resources—teaching is putting students in places where they can learn. Get rid of requirements, play down the packaging of knowledge and learning (lectures, courses, credits, degrees, grades), be less concerned with the student's performance and more concerned with the college's. Let the college interpenetrate and serve the community, especially that part of the community that has in the past been cut off from the power that goes with knowledge. Break down walls between college and "real life." Use the world as a classroom. Unite learning and action.

Taylor believes that radical education is for every young person, not just for radicals. It "goes back to the simple assumption that the aim of education in a free society is . . . to help all children everywhere to become what they are capable of becoming." Hence, Taylor wants to redeem our present colleges and thinks that this can be accomplished. Start where you are, he would say. Get the students on boards of trustees, distribute power across the various constituencies, seek reconciliation and student initiative through joint committees, and through all such rearrangements seek to make the university an instrument of students' wish to learn. Taylor suggests many reforms; perhaps none of them more clearly indicates his willingness to work with what's at hand—and his optimism—than his program for departments, which many people consider the most retrograde of academic institutions. Taylor thinks that they can change themselves into "study and learning centers for students," where "students interested in the general subjects taught by the department are invited to work with the faculty in research, in the invention of new courses, and in the advancement of their own knowledge in the field. . . ." To permit this and his other proposals to succeed, Taylor relies on a reservoir of good will among faculty and administrators and a willingness to take risks.

Jerome is less project-prone, has less faith in committees, seeks a deeper individualism. In consequence, he pays less attention to means of reconstructing conventional colleges and places more hope in new colleges or new offshoots of old ones. He has been around looking at, planning for, and teaching in some of these, and one of the most valuable sections of his book is taken up with existentially detailed accounts of Rochdale in Toronto, Bensalem (part of Fordham), Old Westbury, Antioch's center in Columbia, Maryland, Friends World College, and the College of the Potomac. Jerome makes change seem possible as well as attractive.

The authors share a repugnance for that education that tries to "design people" (Jerome) or make a "human product" (Taylor). They are libertarians who believe that individual freedom contributes to the public good. Taylor says that "society becomes strong by the multiplication of individual strengths"; Jerome that "if we can learn truly to honor diversity, . . . combined strength will emerge, as true self-fulfillment leads to and includes mutual fulfillment." Their faith in diversity leads to some hard words for political radicals, though conservatives get worse. Jerome places radicals in "a congress of monists, each trying to impose his own sense of order on all others." Taylor says that "a radical in politics . . . becomes by necessity an educational reactionary."

It is easy to answer this charge. Two hundred years of history have been hard on the proposition that individual freedom gathers itself automatically into collective welfare. The case is particularly clear for knowledge. *Lernfreiheit* is morally attractive, but its fruits include Hiroshima, the Santa Barbara oil spill, napalm, the death of Lake Erie, and perhaps in time the destruction of the biosphere. Nothing in our experience indicates that just by making universities freer and more loving places we will temper those forces of unfreedom and violence outside universities that have made knowledge such a perilous adventure for the species.

But I would rather have Taylor and Jerome on my side than lean on our differences. Unquestionably, educational reform such as they recommend would improve universities. Jerome, who believes as I do that our culture is dying, thinks that "creating a set of alternative institutions may be the most important function of colleges in bringing about a larger transformation of society." That's possible. Professors should read and use these books.

But educational radicals don't take us far toward the collectivity we need for survival, just as some political radicals say little about how we hang onto diversity and avoid Stalinism after the revolution. The task for radicals of both kinds is to reconcile freedom and collectivity, as democracy has failed to do. This will be hard, and we might as well help each other.

Richard M. Ohmann, as chancellor pro tem, was chief academic officer of Wesleyan University during 1969-70, completing four years in the administration there. He is returning to the English department this fall after a sabbatical leave. He edits College English *and works in the New University Conference.*

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Soviet Schooling

Continued from page 45

of the rural teachers had no higher education. In the city, more than 60 per cent had attended college. The study suggests that a child on a Soviet collective farm—like a child in an American slum school—will encounter a large proportion of inexperienced teachers who are themselves poorly educated.

The basic reason most competent young teachers do not stay in rural areas is that the standard of living is much lower than in the cities. College graduates who are willing to spend more than three years teaching on farms receive salary bonuses; most educators feel the pay differential must be increased even more to improve the standard of teaching. Even a substantial amount of money does not always compensate a teacher for the disadvantages of rural life. One young teacher complained to a newspaper because the local collective farm workers expected him to feed their pigs after he had completed his teaching chores.

While the Soviet authorities are facing the need to improve rural school facilities and teaching staffs, they are not willing to confront an even more fundamental fact: The child of a minimally educated farm worker enters school with many more built-in handicaps than the child of an urban worker, not to mention the child of a professor or scientist. The idea that social and economic origins make a difference in a child's chances of success in school is contrary to Soviet ideology, which maintains that such differences are the product of class warfare in capitalist societies.

One school principal replied huffily to a question about differences in academic achievement of children from working class and professional families. "Such a thought would never occur to us," he stated firmly, closing the subject. This attitude can have positive effects; I never encountered a Soviet teacher who expressed the despair about children's learning ability that pervades many American city schools. But the dominant Soviet attitude also prevents deprived youngsters from receiving the special help they need.

A Russian city child is far more likely to attend nursery school or kindergarten than is a rural child; the former's parents are probably better educated and know more about the world. There is no doubt that in the Soviet Union, as in the United States, children who need the most help from public schools often receive the least.

"The improvement of rural schools is our first priority for this decade," says one respected educational specialist. "But there is also a recognition of a general need for change in teaching methods and curriculum. The practices of thirty or forty years ago will not do for today."

The change to which the specialist refers is embodied in a major curriculum reform that theoretically went into effect in all Soviet schools in the fall of 1970. The reforms were planned by a top-level committee of scientists and educators organized in 1965; they were spearheaded by scientists who were alarmed at the gap between teaching in elementary and secondary schools and modern developments in science and technology. The curriculum changes affect all subjects, but they concentrate mainly on the teaching of science and mathematics.

The Soviet curriculum changes are not fundamental reforms of the kind advocated by Silberman in *Crisis in the Classroom*. Soviet educators regard the new curriculum as a modernization of a basically sound system that has fallen behind the times in certain respects.

Nevertheless, the new curriculum is extremely important within the context of Soviet society. During the early years after the revolution, Soviet educators trying to construct a school system for the masses were highly experimental and strongly influenced by the progressive education movement in other parts of the world. Predictably, the simultaneous launching of mass education and progressive education created considerable chaos. Reaction set in during the late 1920s; under Stalin, the school system became rigidly authoritarian. Both in organization and teaching methods, it resembled the schools of Czarist Russia. Soviet education—like the whole of Soviet society—was unable to arrive at a reasonable synthesis of tradition and innovation, or a middle ground between anarchy and authoritarianism. The new educational reforms can perhaps best be understood as an attempt to achieve such a synthesis.

The thrust of the reform is that children should learn by thinking rather than by rote. Teachers are encouraged to allow students to progress at their own speed rather than to adhere strictly to a group rate of progress. Independent study is to be promoted for children of all ages. The "new math," which—as every savvy American parent now knows—stresses the "why" of arithmetic rather than the simple arriving at the right answer, has been introduced beginning in first grade. Soviet parents are as baffled as Americans were when the new math made its appearance in elementary schools.

One of the most sensitive areas in the new curriculum has been a complete overhaul of biology courses and textbooks. Mendelian genetics—the standard scientific explanation of how inherited characteristics are transmitted—was taught in Russian elementary and secondary schools for the first time last year. Under Stalin, the theories of the biologist Trofim D. Lysenko reigned supreme in Soviet education and science. Lysenko's theory of

"Be reasonable, son. What would happen to the national interest if everybody dropped out?"

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acquired characteristics appealed to those who believed in the construction of a new socialist state completely removed from all constraints of the past—including scientific constraints. While Lysenko was gradually toppled from his pedestal during the late 1950s and early 1960s, the correction of his errors did not penetrate Soviet elementary and secondary schools until it was decreed in the curriculum reform.

Resistance from older biology teachers trained in Lysenkoist theory has been extremely strong. Said one at a teachers' meeting: "They are telling me that everything I have been teaching for my entire life is a fraud. How can a teacher be expected to accept that?"

The stress on physical sciences as opposed to humanities or social sciences is no accident. From the standpoint of the Soviet authorities, teaching students to think for themselves could have undesirable implications if it led to questioning political dogma. I asked one teacher if a student in history classes would be encouraged to think for himself to the extent of questioning Marxist-Leninist principles.

"Of course not," she replied. "Marxism-Leninism is the basis of our society."

An example of how creative teaching can be used to drive home an orthodox point was provided in a history class in School 607, located in a Moscow neighborhood where old wooden buildings are rapidly being replaced by new prefabricated apartments. The purpose of the lesson was to instill a negative attitude toward abstract art, which is officially frowned on in the Soviet Union.

The teacher began showing the fourteen-year-olds reproductions of abstract paintings and sculpture. He picked up one photograph of a Henry Moore figure of a woman and asked the students what they thought it represented. "An ash tray," replied one boy. The class roared with laughter. "Something vague," said a girl. One boy quietly identified the figure as that of a woman, but he was ignored. The students were participating fully and expressing their ideas, but they were being led to an inevitable conclusion as surely as, and perhaps even more effectively than, if the teacher had simply delivered a lecture on the evils of abstract art.

Reforms in curriculum and teaching methods do not affect the ultimate goal of the Soviet educational system: to produce a young man or woman who is competent in his profession and completely orthodox in his political and social outlook. Thinking for oneself is encouraged as an aid to professional competence; it is discouraged if it leads to questioning the established order. A potential conflict is inherent in the dichotomy, but reform-minded educators believe the changes can be achieved without creating a truly serious conflict in the minds of Soviet young people.

Teacher and parental resistance are the major obstacles to the partial reform now under way in Russian schools. The forms they take would be familiar to any American involved in efforts to nudge a school bureaucracy off dead center. Teachers receive extra pay for attending evening and summer retraining courses, but many prefer not to enroll. "You know how it is," explained one teacher. "You've taught for twenty or even ten years, achieved pretty good results, and you don't see why you should change. It takes years for most teachers to adjust to the idea."

Because they do not understand the new teaching methods required by the curriculum reforms, many Soviet teachers are compensating by simply loading their students down with extra homework. Major Soviet newspapers have received thousands of letters this year from angry parents who object to the extra burden on their children.

The development is ironic, because a new school charter approved this year by the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers places an official limit on the amount of homework teachers are allowed to assign. The limit was a recognition that Soviet schools have long overburdened youngsters with busy work outside the classroom—often to the detriment of their physical and emotional health. Under the new charter, homework is limited to one hour in first grade, two hours in third and fourth grades, and a maximum of four hours in eighth, ninth, and tenth grades. Parents complain that their young children often do four or five hours of homework each day and their teen-agers eight or nine hours.

"My fourteen-year-old daughter gets home from school at three-thirty," one mother said. "She works continually at her lessons, taking less than half an hour to eat. She never is asleep before midnight. This is no way to live. She is doing the work the teacher should be doing."

The Soviet press has conducted a major campaign during the past year to educate parents and teachers about the reforms. One educator emphasizes: "We can't expect real results until several classes have graduated from teacher training institutes, which have also changed their curriculums. We talk about 1973 and 1975 as target dates, but that is impossible. It takes centuries for a glacier to thaw, you know. It will certainly take at least a decade to half-thaw our school administrators."

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The Big Move

Continued from page 49

pally because of advances in nutrition and medicine. Childhood diseases that used to stunt and maim, and even fill the cemeteries, have almost been wiped out. (The chief cause of death for persons under 21 is now accidents, primarily automobile accidents.) These same advances in nutrition and medicine have also caused adolescents to mature physiologically much earlier than in the past. In the United States the onset of puberty for girls has dropped from an average age of 14 in 1920 to 12.4 today, and, for boys, from 15 to 13.5.

Today's young people differ intellectually as well as physically. Kenneth Keniston of Yale, among others, has noted that the average American sixteen-year-old today has had five years more schooling than his counterpart in 1920. A recent U.S. Census Bureau study revealed that the number of young adults with high school diplomas has doubled since 1940, while the number with college degrees has tripled.

The average student today scores approximately one standard deviation above the student of a generation ago on standardized tests of intellectual achievement. A level of performance that places a student in the middle of his graduating class today would probably have placed him in the top 15 per cent thirty years ago. Or, to put it another way, in achievement, a teenager today is approximately one grade ahead of his parents when they were his age.

In the more amorphous psychological realm, numerous observers have noted the new mood among contemporary youth, the sense of generational uniqueness, the imagination and audacity, the impatience, the social concern, the disdain for history and authority. One can only speculate as to causes. Television, which began commercially in 1948, entered most homes fifteen to twenty years ago. Thus, as has been widely noted, this is the first college generation raised on television practically from infancy. According to surveys, many young people in college today watched television about twenty hours a week when they were children, for an annual total greater than the number of hours they spent in school.

In addition to the ubiquitous tube, such factors as greater mobility, affluence, and longevity have also contributed to a different psychological state. For instance, because of the low life expectancy of former times—47.3 years in 1900—it was not unusual for a young person to lose one or both of his parents before reaching college age. Today, with the average life expectancy almost seventy years, orphanage has virtually been wiped out. Now, ironically, it is the continuing lively presence and pressure of both parents that many young persons perceive as a serious problem.

Yet, while young persons now are significantly different from those of fifty or even twenty years ago, American higher education is structurally much the same. Our colleges and universities (not to mention our grade and high schools) urgently need to recognize these important facts, and to redesign their programs accordingly. To keep nearly one-third of our young people occupied in an institutional setting that effectively segregates them from the world of "grown-ups" for seven to ten years beyond the onset of puberty appears a more untenable arrangement with each passing year.

Another major force affecting the colleges has been the knowledge explosion itself. New technologies and sciences have burgeoned—from cybernetics to marine botany; new social problems—the urban crisis, the population explosion, pollution—have generated new study areas. Campus faculties have multiplied, splintered, and regrouped under the impact. Advances in photography, sound engineering, optics, communications, and transportation have revolutionized the movement of information, ideas, and people themselves. They make possible such things as a telephone seminar in astrophysics among scientists from several countries, a short intersession of anthropological study in West Africa or Peru, or the study of Eskimo culture through films.

In the face of all these changes, the old yardsticks of higher education—faculty-student ratios, years in residence, credit-hours for courses, and grading—become increasingly difficult to apply. The notions that there is a fixed "body of knowledge" to be delivered to the young, that college faculties necessarily know what is best for students, and that the departmental major is the only desirable method of organizing intellectual inquiry, are seriously challenged.

Moreover, we are at the beginning of a second admissions boom—that of older persons re-entering college. Until the end of World War II, colleges catered chiefly to the privileged and the gifted. College admissions was the art of keeping people out. Since 1945, however, admissions policies have expanded until currently half of all high school graduates—two out of five of all young Americans—go on to college. Now, with technological change, increased leisure, new conceptions of womanhood, and greater affluence encouraging and requiring changes in career and life-style, continuing education is emerging as a new frontier of higher education. Most colleges and universities, especially public ones, are trying to help people *in* rather than screen them *out*. And as colleges admit greater numbers of students from more varied socio-economic backgrounds, their curriculums have altered in order to serve effectively the expanded new clientele with its broader range of preparation and aspirations.

To shift one variable, such as the kind of students served, while attempting to hold constant all the rest of the components of the university structure is to court disaster, as too many institutions have learned. Likewise, to try to accommodate the knowledge explosion on the campus, with the increased research, field work, and specialization that it demands, without re-examining the traditional "liberal education" requirements is irresponsible.

As the recent Carnegie Commission report *Less Time, More Options* suggested, today's college and university clearly must offer many tracks, many options, and many different programs to serve the new variety of students and to assist in the exploration of new areas of intellectual inquiry. Large universities may have to break up into several colleges. Smaller colleges may have to establish links with other colleges and other kinds of learning institutions in society. And all will have to allow increased opportunities for independent and off-campus study.

It is these profound transformations—in our young people, in our society, and in higher education, as well as the grave financial condition of the colleges—that compel radical changes in the venerable but outmoded patterns of American collegiate study. The many proposals for off-campus or non-campus study contain many details to be worked out and objections to be overcome. But they represent serious efforts to experiment with fresh patterns of undergraduate education. The alternative is a continuing and ever louder dirge about the poverty, disruption, and "irrelevance" of our campuses.

It would be tragic if the social institution that has contributed so much to our civilization should fail to respond vigorously to the challenges that confront it at this crucial moment. The present crisis is assuredly one of dollars. But even more, it is one of will, of creative energy, of new ideas. Higher education is in a period of painful transition. The greatest need is to act boldly, with fresh vision, in the face of new conditions. The training of the mind and sharpening of the sensibilities are still the best hope of mankind.

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Fanon

Continued from page 19

others; when one was with him, life seemed to be a tragic adventure, often horrible, but of infinite worth."

He finished *Wretched of the Earth* and collapsed. The FLN arranged for him to go to the United States for treatment at the National Institutes of Health on October 3, 1961. He was met in Washington by an unlikely companion for a Third World revolutionist: C. Oliver Iselin III, Harvard '51, polo player, avid fox hunter, scion of a social family. Barely thirty, Iselin was with the State Department's Bureau of North African Affairs. Fanon was assigned to his charge, and Iselin saw the family to their quarters in the DuPont Plaza Hotel. Eight days later Fanon was admitted to the National Institutes of Health, where he was to die in December. Iselin accompanied the body back to Tunis and then joined members of the FLN, who, as military escort, buried the remains across the border in a part of rebel-held Algeria.

Seven-and-a-half years later, in February of 1969, Joseph Alsop wrote a column purporting that Frantz Fanon —"the chief black hero of the New Left, as Che Guevara is the chief white hero"—had "almost literally died in the arms of the CIA." His unnamed American companion who had visited him daily at the hotel and the hospital had been in fact a CIA case officer. After Fanon died, so Alsop wrote, the case officer, accompanying the body to its burial place, had been photographed with the FLN leaders, which prompted a fiery French protest to the U.S. Embassy. The American Ambassador, Newbold Walmsley, at least according to Alsop, sent the case officer on the next plane back to "the murky depths of his agency."

While working on his book about Fanon, Peter Geismar spotted the Alsop story and hurried to Washington to examine the evidence. Geismar, who himself was to die of cancer at thirty-one a few weeks after his book went to press, was apparently impressed that Alsop's evidence was solid, for he included the tale as fact in his book. Even more incongruously, Alsop, archdeacon of the Old Right, and Geismar, young herald of the New Left, teamed together to write a story line for a film about Fanon, which Universal Studios wanted for Sidney Poitier. Alsop, who continues to chortle about the irony of Fanon's demise "in the arms of the CIA," says of his venture with Geismar, "It came to naught, but we each made a packet."

Iselin, who is a cousin of Alsop's wife, is back in Washington with the Bureau of African Affairs, after having served in Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria, and the Ivory Coast. He claims no association with the agency, even though he is listed in *Who's Who in the CIA*, a volume produced in East Germany. "So is President Johnson, so is Dean Rusk, so is almost anyone who served overseas," he says. Beyond agreeing that Fanon was charming and brilliant, and that the months from October 1961 to Fanon's death in December of the same year were among the most fascinating of his career, he declines to discuss the case. He is writing his own book, he says, and would like to hold "what little information I have."

Retired in Washington, former Ambassador Walmsley can remember no arrangements about Fanon clearing through him. "The first I knew about it was when this fellow showed up for the funeral on the border. I remember my agitation about not having been informed, and I might have asked him to leave in a hurry." Whether these are the smoke rings of a loyal career officer or a true depiction of the events is arguable. About French outrage, there would seem to be little doubt, for Paris was convinced that America was dabbling in the future of Algerian oil. While it seems improbable that in dispatching Iselin to Algeria Washington would have permitted an obscure junior official to jeopardize U.S. foreign policy, the appearance of this young Virginia aristocrat, whatever his actual affiliation might have been, was an indication that the United States was not reluctant to deal with the FLN. Overtures of material aid had already been tendered by private American oil interests to the Algerian rebels as a goodwill gesture that might reap future benefits were the insurrectionists ultimately victorious.

If official Washington was the first Western regime outside France to recognize the existence and possibly the importance of Fanon and his preachments, the New Left in America had only to wait for the appearance of the English-language translation of *The Wretched of the Earth*, which Grove Press first issued in 1965. The effects, as one surveys them now, were impressive. Although Fanon is no handbook for revolution, his ideas and concepts are imbedded in the explosive prose dropped into the text, especially in the long introductory treatise on violence. They were found there by Bobby Seale, who recalls in *Seize the Time* that he had read *Wretched of the Earth* six times and "knew Fanon was right" by the time Seale met Huey Newton. In those pre-Black Panther days, Newton was trying to form some sort of organization but had never read Fanon; so Seale decided he had to sell the theories to Newton, who then was more interested in day-to-day survival than in revolutionary enlightenment. Seale arrived at Newton's with a copy:

> So I brought Fanon over one day. That brother got to reading Fanon, and, man, let me tell you, when Huey got ahold of Fanon and read Fanon (I had always been running down about how we need this organization, that organization, but never anything concrete), Huey'd be thinking. Hard. We would sit down with *Wretched of the Earth* and talk and go over another section or chapter of Fanon, and Huey would explain it in depth. . . . Huey was one for implementing things, and I guess this is where the Black Panther Party really started.

An oft-recalled quotation is the state-

"It's very nice of you to welcome me to the building, but I've been living here for seven years."

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ment made by Dan Watts of *Liberation* magazine to Jimmy Breslin of the Chicago *Sun Times* after the riots in Newark and Detroit. It was wrong to think that all the rioting brothers were old wine-sopped ne'er-do-wells. They were all ready to die for something because they had all read Fanon. "You'd better get this book," Watts told Breslin. "Every brother on a rooftop can quote Fanon."

CORE's Roy Innis disputes that assessment as concocted romanticism. "I was in Harlem during the first riot, and some of the brothers on the roof wouldn't have considered reading Fanon or anybody else. They were concerned with redressing grievances. I have my doubts whether that Fanon-reading crowd was on any roof. I'm sure they weren't on the streets. That's too close to reality.

"It is unfortunate that Fanon is used as romantic escape. You don't have to take any action, all you have to do is walk with a couple of Fanons under your arm. That's your badge of courage. That becomes your gun and your revolt. You can go home to your living room and fight the battle right there. Or go see *The Battle of Algiers*. That's really doin' it. And maybe if you're a little bit psychopathic, then maybe you'll knock off somebody and be on trial in New Haven, or maybe you knock some guys off in Harlem, but then you have to be more than romantic, you have to be a little bit stupid and also a little bit psychopathic."

Besides Panthers, what bothers Innis are the campus revolutionaries, "the young blacks on campus who spout Fanon because it is good escapism. They use it to support all kinds of spurious theories they concoct, failing to recognize that Fanon was talking about the Algerian struggle against the majority when the oppressor was not in his own homeland. He was in the home of the oppressed. They don't know how to use Fanon's early experience in Martinique, where the oppressed were the majority. You can use a lot of his formulations and his insight, but one must keep in mind the difference when applied to America and American color problems."

During the frantic revolutionary episodes at Columbia, Fanon was invoked again and again by the graduate students who were giving ad hoc counter-courses to the formal ones being conducted by the Establishment inside the halls. Radical sociology is now an accepted preachment, and a number of university departments teach it. Says William Wilson, a black associate professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts, "Fanon's tremendous impact on revolutionary nationalism suggests to a lot of scholars that black studies should somehow deal with the whole philosophy of revolution. Many black militants now feel it is necessary to modify black studies programs to include Third World courses." Colleges from Cornell to San Francisco State have Third World courses.

What does all this mean to America? Speaking from Algiers, that fountainhead of Fanon, Cleaver recently said, "Violence in the United States is inevitable. I think what Fanon will do is make that violence more intelligent and more directed and therefore more specific and probably less than it might have been, because it won't be wasted, it will be controlled violence." But Fanon recognized, too, that violence carried to its ultimate conclusion means worldwide holocaust. For him, revolution was only a means to throw off European oppression and to commence a regeneration, as Guellal says, "to reassert the membership of the colonized man, of the damned of the earth, within the human family."

There is a question whether the people of the Third World are in a position akin to that of blacks in America. The searing query, especially among militant blacks, is whether we are two intermingled nations or one. Going by the writings of American blacks of two decades ago and a meager personal knowledge, Fanon seems to see a difference between black-white interaction in America and Europe's colonial posture. Black and white in America may build the foundation for a social regeneration and, as Guellal has pointed out, "to Fanon, revolution meant, in the final analysis, regeneration." It may be important to comprehend that "the pediment of his statue in the pantheon of Third World revolutionaries is pretty firmly anchored," as Professor Ross Baker has so eloquently put it. But it is also important to understand that as a revolutionist and a practitioner of violence, Fanon was not teaching a religion of nihilism. He was a builder and, in his last words, a voice of inspirational constructivism. "Come then, comrades," he wrote at the end of *Wretched of the Earth*. "We must shake off the heavy darkness in which we were plunged. . . . The new day which is already at hand must find us firm, prudent, and resolute." He desperately urged the Third World to find a new pathway. "Leave this Europe," he implored, "where they are never done talking of Man, yet murder men everywhere they find them, at the corner of one of their own streets, in all the corners of the globe. For centuries, they have stifled almost the whole of humanity in the name of so-called spiritual experience. Look at them swaying between atomic and spiritual disintegration."

To imitate Europe is to spawn another United States of America, which "succeeded so well" in imitating its motherland that it "became a monster in which the taints, the sickness, the inhumanity of Europe have grown to appalling dimensions."

If the Third World wishes to respond to the expectations of the people of Europe, it will prove useless to send them back a reflection of their society and their thought "with which from time to time they (themselves) feel immeasurably sickened." Fanon's final printed words to the world were a supplication, an exhortation to turn over a new leaf, to work out new concepts. "Humanity is waiting for something from us other than . . . an imitation . . . an obscene caricature. . . ."

"We must try," he wrote, "to set afoot a new man," and it is those words that come booming back across the ten years of time since he set them down, read the final proofs, and then expired.

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"Configurations"

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tually travels through the loved one and transforms her anatomy into a topography. The result is, as in Breton's "*L'Union libre*," a series of "one in the other" images. Paz strengthens the sense of voyage by the use of the preposition "*por*" in both sectors of the analogy. "*Voy por tu cuerpo como por el mundo.*" Unfortunately, the device is not maintained in English, and the substitution of a varied set of prepositions weakens the correspondences.

The vertigo of Paz (which the word "dizziness" does not express in English) is a pleasurable, ecstatic sensation, coordinated with the notion of time and space; it activates the poet's energy and expands his consciousness. Space is never void for Paz, and timelessness is not static; silence is not arid but fertile. He conveys this effectively in the poem to the avant-garde composer John Cage: "Sounds walking over silence."

The last poem included in the anthology is called "*Blanco.*" It was inspired by the pattern of Mallarmé's orphic, final poem, "*Un Coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard.*" Paz attempts to transcend the monovisual character of poetry reading and invites simultaneous reception of his images. The concluding line echoes the objective of all surrealist art and poetry: "*donner à voir,*" or, in Paz's untranslatable idiom, "*da realidad a la mirada.*"

Paz is a powerful, nonpolemist poet with a distinctive, inimitable, and sometimes elusive style. To give faithful interpretations to Paz is a very difficult feat since his language does not

merely clothe his thought but embodies it. Moreover, he takes full advantage of the permissiveness of Spanish word order to grade his linear meanings and determine the shades of his image-luminosity. The stricter exigencies of English syntax make it impossible to re-create this effect.

Despite these obstacles, Muriel Rukeyser and her collaborators have demonstrated magnificent dedication to their author, and Octavio Paz emerges here as a nonregional, nontemporal poet of universal relevance.

Anna Balakian's latest book is "André Breton: Magus of Surrealism." She is professor of French and comparative literature at New York University.

"The Book of Daniel"

Continued from page 32

stractions, and capable of welding deeply human concerns with reverberant historical notes. The form of the book, as anarchic as its material, encloses a "raga" on U.S.-Soviet relationships, a running account of various methods of capital punishment, and even a discourse on the "political implications" of Disneyland.

The technical irony of the novel, however, is that although form mirrors substance, the Isaacsons' personal tragedy is often dwarfed by polemics, by Daniel's nervous shifts from first- to third-person narrative, by the skillful yet nevertheless modish intrusion of the author's voice, calling attention to the artifice behind all art: "I suppose you think I can't do the electrocution. I know there is a you. There has always been a you. YOU: I will show you that I can do the electrocution."

This is an art that frequently reveals its mechanics. But in certain reasonably pure dramatic passages—the FBI arrest, the young Isaacson children in a Bronx shelter, Daniel's Pentagon bust as he moves from neutrality to activism—the book asserts its power with a controlled urgency, which is the best tone Mr. Doctorow wields inasmuch as the final implication of the novel is apolitical.

On the eve of the Columbia University riots, Daniel shuts his "book"; the time for thinking and writing is over. Today's revolutionary must act, must confront injustice with all the vigorous self-possession he can command. But where is the New Left leading us? Will history unleash future terrors? God only knows. Or, in Daniel's rattled, secular universe, where "everything is elusive" and questions are seldom answered, perhaps God doesn't know.

Joseph Catinella is a free-lance writer and reviewer based in New York.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 30: news, wens, sewn.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1h (Haggard), 2e (Ovid: Pygmalion), 3g (*Midsummer Night's Dream*: Bottom), 4j (Dorian Gray), 5i (Hesse: Hermine), 6d (*Frog Prince*), 7b (Faust), 8a (*Alice in Wonderland*), 9f (Kafka: Gregor Samsa), 10c (legend and play).

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(Continued from page 61)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

UNIQUE 18th century house near Wuthering Heights. All modern facilities, oak timbered rooms. $15,500. D. Thorp, Stanbury, Haworth, Yorkshire, U.K.

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Furnished/Unfurnished

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THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

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CAPE MAY, N.J.—The Hedges—Guesthouse, lovely rooms with TV, air conditioning, Continental breakfast. 609-884-3353.

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GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD". Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1945

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Misleads, is ambiguous; reneges	85 98 114 132 145 153 181
B. Am. author and adventurer (c. 1754-1828?) "The Emigrants"	183 78 101 124 155
C. Beginner	169 84 189 182 20 32 39 46
D. Cast aside (2 wds.)	48 74 87 100 133 140 143 163 23
E. Extend	25 44 58 70 88 93 96 103
F. In respect to something else	107 118 131 147 164 180 151 184 5 37
G. "Young men have a passion for regarding their elders as ——." ("Education of Henry Adams")	60 75 94 111 135 161
H. Capital of E Flanders prov., Belgium	160 165 186 1 13
I. Devotees	17 27 35 45 55 57 65 92 187
J. Capital of Vaud canton, Switzerland	6 77 116 191 80 144 173 11
K. Restricted to a particular place or particular places	53 61 99 150 177
L. Puts an end to, stamps out	16 149 170 188 42 83 91 22
M. Branch of metaphysics	43 112 3 128 136 138 168 126

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Took shape as an impending occurrence	178 8 51 90 130 63
O. Likewise	129 167 19 72 106
P. Eccentric	113 56 64 14 28 59 148 156 171 176 105 120 47
Q. Showy display	79 104 121 152 174
R. Unmanageable	15 29 109 117 158 175 141 49 66 190
S. Gleam faintly	67 157 24 110 137 31 125
T. Father of Giovanni and Annabella in Ford's "'Tis Pity She's a Whore"	52 9 71 154 68 2
U. Relating to or having compound eyes	108 119 127 86 115 36 172 10
V. A ring formation in the fourth quadrant of the face of the moon	50 89 139 159 122 7 40
W. Laths	69 102 142 34 76
X. In the position of control (3 wds.)	4 73 123 179 33 97 166 26 146
Y. Accord permission or assent to	62 134 185 30 18 81 38
Z Constituting visual imagery readily reproducible with great accuracy	41 21 95 54 82 162 12

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 H	2 T	3 M		4 X	5 F	6 J		7 V	8 N	9 T	10 U	11 J	12 Z	13 H	14 P
15 R	16 L		17 I	18 Y		19 O	20 C	21 Z	22 L		23 D	24 S	25 E	26 X	27 I	
28 P	29 R	30 Y		31 S	32 C	33 X		34 W	35 I		36 U	37 F	38 Y		39 C	40 V
41 Z		42 L	43 M	44 E	45 I	46 C	47 P	48 D	49 R	50 V		51 N	52 T		53 K	54 Z
55 I	56 P		57 I	58 E	59 P		60 G	61 K	62 Y	63 N	64 P	65 I	66 R	67 S		68 T
69 W		70 E	71 T	72 O		73 X	74 D	75 G		76 W	77 J	78 B	79 Q		80 J	81 Y
	82 Z	83 L	84 C		85 A	86 U	87 D	—	88 E	89 V	90 N	91 L	92 I		93 E	94 G
95 Z		96 E	97 X	98 A		99 K	100 D	101 B	102 W	103 E	104 Q	105 P	106 O	107 F		108 U
109 R		110 S	111 G	112 M	113 P	114 A	115 U	116 J	117 R	118 F		119 U	120 P	121 Q	122 V	123 X
124 B	125 S	126 M		127 U	128 M	129 O	130 N	131 F	132 A		133 D	134 Y	135 G	136 M		137 S
138 M	139 V	140 D	141 R		142 W		143 D	144 J	145 A	—	146 X	147 F	148 P		149 L	150 K
151 F	152 Q	153 A	154 T	155 B		156 P	157 S	158 R	159 V	160 H	161 G		162 Z	163 D		164 F
165 H	166 X		167 O	168 M	169 C	170 L	171 P	172 U	173 J	174 Q		175 R	176 P	177 K	178 N	
179 X	180 F	181 A		182 C	183 B	184 F	185 Y	186 H	187 I		188 L	189 C	190 R	191 J		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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Lunenburg you know.
And Peggy's Cove you know.

And to Halifax, Sydney and New Glasgow you're sure to be goin'.

But it just may be that your own favorite place may turn out to have a name like

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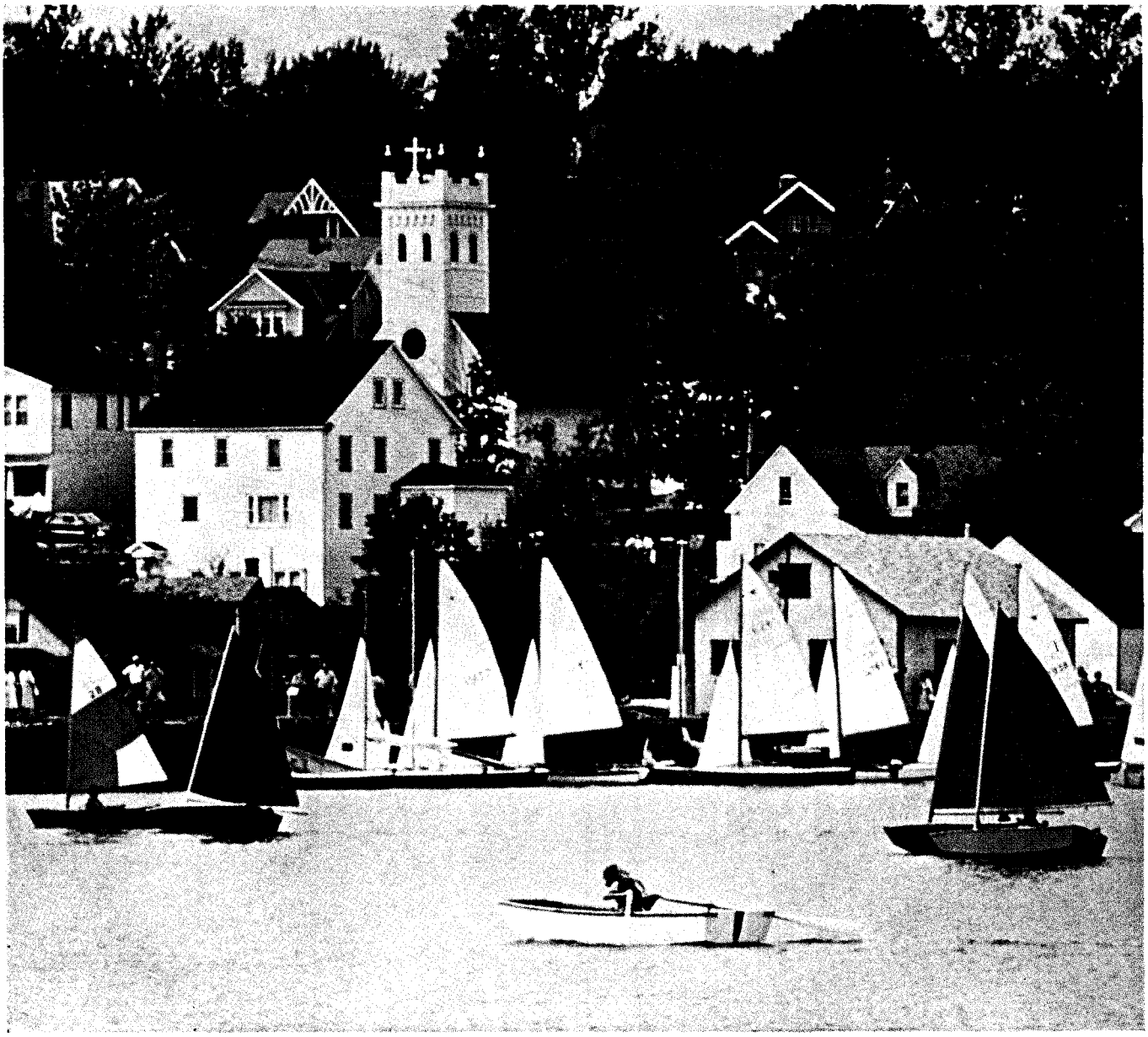

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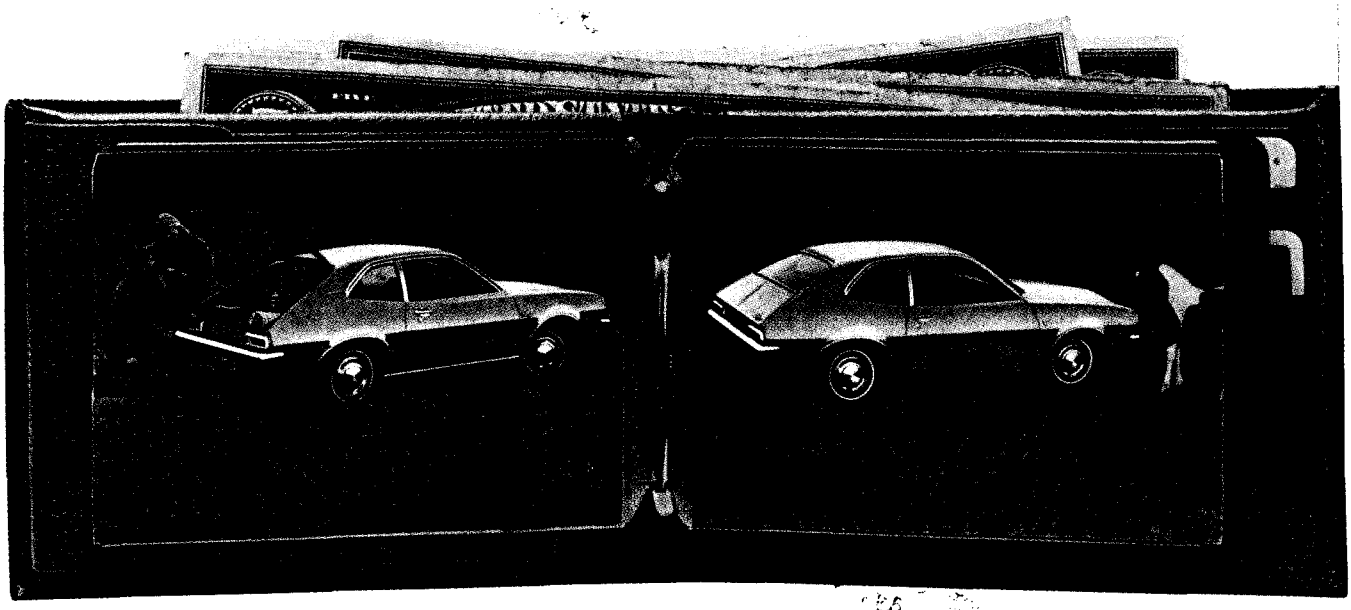

Pinto 3-door Runabout. The rear seat folds forward to give you a carpeted cargo area that's five feet long. Holds golf clubs. Camp gear. Luggage. This new Pinto packs more fun than any import.

Pinto standard equipment includes: 4-speed floor mounted shift, 1 point 6 litre (75 hp) engine, rack and pinion steering, high-back bucket seats and over 30 Ford Lifeguard design safety features.

Here's the kind of value that'll give you a nice, satisfied feeling. The 2-door Pinto. Or new 3-door Pinto Runabout (left). Both are priced low like the small imports. And they averaged 25mpg in simulated city/suburban driving. But from there on in, Pinto is a lot more little car than the imports.

Pinto is a do-it-yourself car.

There are almost 40 jobs you can easily handle. Things like adding transmission fluid or changing the oil and oil filter. You can even do a simple tune up—adjust the carburetor or replace spark plugs, condenser and distributor points if necessary.

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Pinto calls for far less scheduled maintenance than VW. One-half as many oil changes. One-sixth as many lubes. The brakes are self-adjusting. So, here again you save.

Overall, Pinto is designed to last longer. It has strong, beefy parts like rustproof steel-alloy brake lines. And five main engine bearings—the leading import has only four.

Where do you go from here? To your Ford Dealer's and a test drive. Five minutes behind the wheel will tell you. Pinto's right.

Pinto

Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

PINTO Ford

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